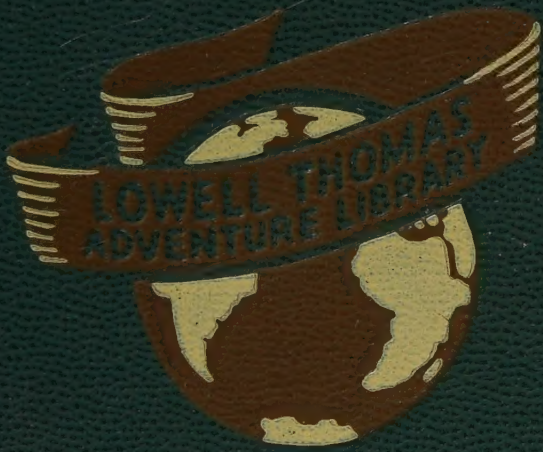
LOWELL THOMAS
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THE WRECK OF THE DUMARU

ROLL, ROLL, TO THE DISMAY OF OUR RURAL SAILORS

LOWELL THOMAS

THE WRECK OF THE DUMARU

A STORY OF CANNIBALISM IN AN OPEN BOAT

With Illustrations by Kurt Wiese
And From Photographs

PUBLISHED BY
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THE CREW OF THE *DUMARU*

First Mate's Boat (*Waywood*)

August Waywood	First mate	Landed Samar
Fred J. Harmon	First asst. engr.	" "
H. A. Mackey	Third engr.	" "
Sparks	Wireless operator	" "
Louis A. Samuelson	Oiler	" "
Lyall A. Sampson	Seaman	" "
Karl Linns	A. B. seaman	" "
Frank Ferdette	Carpenter	" "
Caspar Wiegant	Coal passer	" "
Stafford Jennings	Seaman (son of Harold D. Jennings	" "
Michael Sutse	Boatswain	" "
Melvin W. Metcalf	Officers' messman	" "
Two Filipinos	Names unknown	" "
Lt. E. V. Holmes	U. S. N.	Suicide from lifeboat
E. Howell	Chief engr.	Died in lifeboat
George K. Olson	Second engr.	" " "
Shaw	Chief cook (colored)	" " "
George Nickaladis	Fireman	" " "
P. J. Wieland	Seaman	" " "
Harold D. Jennings	"	" " "
Harold Sampson	Messman	" " "
Frank Bolin	Seaman	" " "
Pedro Lopez (Honolulu Pete)	"	" " "
Dorval Wood	Fireman	Died in lifeboat
James Ferreter	Seaman	" " "
Ernest Hetinger	Seaman	" " "

THE CREW OF THE *DUMARU*

Steward Christensen		Suicide from lifeboat
Antonio Arqui	Filipino	Died in lifeboat
Filipino, name unknown		" " "
O. Heikland	Seaman	Killed Samar coast
Francisco Benedicto	Filipino fireman	Killed Samar coast

Captain's Raft (*Borrensen*)

Ole Borrensen	Captain	Saved	Transport *Logan*
Albert E. R. Staats	Second mate	Died	On raft
Claude Banfield	Water tender	Saved	Transport *Logan*
Oscar Morris	Seaman	"	" "
Edward Gaston	Malay cook	"	" "

Third Mate's Boat (*Nolan*)

Andy E. Nolan	Third mate	Landed	Masbate
Heavy	Fireman	"	"
Edward Wurfell	Water tender	"	"
Miller	Oiler	"	"
Ralph Burns	Seaman	"	"
Charles Gray	Oiler	"	"
Luis Ize	Filipino	"	"
Pedro Manega	"	"	"
Filipino, name unknown	"	"	"

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BY KURT WIESE

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The *Dumaru* and some of the men who sailed on her 1

FRITZ HARMON, first assistant engineer, who lived to tell the tale of the wreck of the DUMARU.

THE TWO JENNINGS, father and son. The youngster, a fine lad of eighteen, was frantic when he saw his father show signs of leaving us. There was a strong feeling between them.

BOS'N MIKE SUTSE, a hard old salt, straight out of the books of sea adventure—squatty, big ears, with a knife scar across his cheek.

CLAUDE BANFIELD. He and George the Greek were natural enemies. They cursed and threw red hot clinkers at each other.

THIRD ENGINEER MACKEY (center), the ablest man of us all. He was forever fighting with the sour, burnt-out Olson.

THE DUMARU in her camouflage, like a clown on an evil sea. Her cargo of munitions exploded, and then in an open boat was experienced the utmost horror of hunger and thirst and of men eating men.

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WITH THE SCARRED FACE

THE wreck of the *Dumaru,* with its nightmare tragedy, was indeed an episode too dark for this century, the twentieth. The things that came to pass, with an excess of terror, horror, and pity, might appear to have small part in the circumstance and chances of modern life at sea. They belong rather to an older and eviler day on the ocean than to these times of wireless, skilfully organized rescues, better construction and equipment of vessels, and regulated precautions of safety. We have to deal with an idea which for long centuries had its ominous place in life at sea, in the notions the people of the land held about the sea. It was the ultimate and culminating disaster which might befall those who venture afar upon the waters. Indeed, you might classify the wreck of the *Dumaru* as a monumental example in a classical tradition.

The *Dumaru* was in singular fashion an ill-starred ship. The voyage began with an impressive accompaniment of ill omen and dire prognostication. At sea she was an evil boat with an ugly crew. Even if the cruise of the *Dumaru* had never ended in colossal tragedy, still it would make a worthy sea tale, with the mishaps of grotesque ship and crew. The men were a parade of cast-offs and misfits of the land and singular characters and bad men of the sea.

The wreck occurred with a savage magnificence. The ship, loaded with high explosives, was struck by lightning in a tropical electrical storm. She was set afire and blew up. With seconds ticking between them and the explosion the crew succeeded in taking to the boats. They were only a few hours from a safe harbor, the island of Guam—a few scant miles from land. The story must have come to a quick, fortunate close, save for one of those monstrous ironies of which the devils of the sea are capable. By a singular concatenation of wicked circumstance they could not make the near-by shore, but drifted away and were consigned to the wide wastes of the Pacific. There were two boats and a life raft. One boat, after weeks, made land

without any loss of life. The life raft stayed near the ship, and eventually the men on it were picked up. One of them died. But it was upon the second boat that calamity and tragedy swept down. Overcrowded, with thirty-two men and little food or water aboard, it drifted from Guam to the Philippine Islands, more than a thousand miles, in twenty-four days. The men were maddened by hunger and thirst. One after another sank and died. The others threw the bodies to the sharks, until they were driven to the final horror. Those that died were eaten by the rest.

The boat was finally beached on the island of Samar of the Philippine group. Some of the emaciated survivors were lost in the surf. The others dragged themselves ashore.

Cannibalism in open boats is an old theme of the terror of the sea. In the wreck of the *Dumaru* that theme rises to an insane picture of horror. The story is one to be set down so that it may for a long time to come find its place in the record of the sea. The telling of the tale is a task made easy by fortunate chance. There is an extraordinary document for the purpose. One of the men in the ill-fated lifeboat, Harmon, first assistant

engineer, soon after landing in the Philippines, wrote down as a species of diary an account of what had happened. He was one of the few men aboard who kept his senses through all the nightmare days. He kept a vivid recollection of each turn, each act. This he set down with an extraordinary simplicity and graphic power, with that strength and reality which a man unschooled to writing and to literary artifice can achieve when the impressions of some fearful crisis have graven themselves on his brain. From that seamanlike log, together with added facts and details, recently provided by Harmon, and from "Sparks," the wireless operator, the present account has been written.

I stumbled onto the *Dumaru* story in a curious way. In fact, it was brought to me. I was in Cleveland lecturing on my experiences in the Near East with Allenby and Lawrence. During the afternoon a local bookstore asked me to autograph copies of my most recent book, one on Luckner, the Sea Devil. While busy at this two men approached the table where I was seated. Both were broad shouldered, six-footers. One introduced himself as the Mid-Western representative of the Vacuum Oil Company, and added that his companion had

a sea tale I might like to hear. I glanced at the other man, and as he stepped forward I noticed that beads of perspiration stood out on his face.

"What's up?" thought I.

Leaning over the man said in a sotto whisper:

"Did you ever hear of the wreck of the *Dumaru?*"

Without waiting for me to reply he went right on:

"Well, I was one of the survivors in the open boat that drifted a thousand miles across the South Seas when we ran out of food and ate the chief engineer."

When he said this I wasn't a bit surprised that he was perspiring. And I noticed on his right jaw a broad, seared, savage scar which fitted well with some fearful adventure on the sea. I assured him that I would be much interested in hearing the rest of his tale.

At present Fred Harmon is serving as chief engineer on one of the boats that ply the Great Lakes. During the winter, from freeze-up until the ice goes out, he has nothing to do. So it was easy for us to arrange a meeting at my home in eastern New York.

When our guest had concluded telling of his adventure we all agreed that the wreck of the *Dumaru* was a tale the like of which you and I are not likely to encounter again.

My one hope is that I am successful in passing it on to you with at least some of the strength and magic of actuality of the original.

CHAPTER II

THERE WAS A CURSE UPON HER

In Pacific Coast shipping circles, in shipowners' offices, in custom houses, on ships, on wharfs, or in any of the places where men of the sea congregate, the mention of the *Dumaru* will evoke a silence, significant glances, a meaningful word or two, or much and loud laughter, according to the temperament of individual or group. Tales will be told, rumors, suppositions, hearsay, some true, some false, some overstated, some understated, but mostly understated. Because the things that happened exceed the invention and malice that go to make up gossip.

One report will say: "While a mutinous crew rowed away with the supercargo as a prisoner, the captain and his second mate were left with two other members of the crew on the poop deck with the ship in flames and a cargo of munitions about to explode." Or you may hear: "A U. S. naval

lieutenant was murdered and the steward with him." In another instance somebody will tell you: "The survivors lived in an open boat for three weeks without food or water." Then, with significant emphasis: "They cast lots, and the chief engineer and a Hawaiian mess boy lost and were killed, cooked, and eaten." Still further: "All the survivors were arrested when they finally reached the Philippine Islands."

There are many discrepancies. Who was killed and who did the killing? Was anybody really eaten? Who was eaten and who did the eating? Did they kill the men for food, or did they eat those who had died? Were the survivors convicted by a naval investigation board? Were they punished? Or was there no sea law to cover the eating of dead men's bodies? Or was there really anything in the grisly story at all?

Now, I was the first assistant engineer on the *Dumaru* and one of the survivors in the Number 2 lifeboat. This was the boat which had the ghastly destiny. Aboard it were the naval lieutenant and the steward, said to have been murdered, and the chief engineer and the young Hawaiian, said to have been killed and eaten. I retained my senses

during those twenty-four terrible days, and am qualified to relate clearly all that occurred aboard the *Dumaru* on its voyage and during the wreck, in the lifeboat, on its thirteen hundred miles adrift, and the subsequent happenings on the island of Samar. I will tell plainly and without varnish what befell.

In August, 1918, at Portland, Oregon, I first saw the *Dumaru*. She was a war baby, one of the hundreds of ships built in haste, and often built badly, to take the place of the huge tonnage the German U-boats were destroying. In her camouflaged paint she was not handsome. She was cumbersome, and as a steamer not so much. Like many of her sister ships the *Dumaru* was constructed of green Oregon fir at Portland, and was launched and made her trial trip in the Willamette River. Her construction was known as the "Hough type wooden ship." She was twin screwed and well decked, with a gun platform on the poop. She was one of three sister ships built at the same time. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson named them. She gave them Indian names, words out of the language of the Multnomah tribe of Indians: *Kasota, Capouka,* and *Dumaru*. I suppose "Du-

maru" means "Bright Morning Star" or "Happy Sea Gull!" or something else beautiful in that Indian language. None of the three sisters was any good. The *Kasota* and the *Capouka,* like the *Dumaru,* were sent on tropical runs. They were built out of timber taken right out of the forests, and the tropics is a terrible place to send unseasoned ships made of green wood. The heat cuts the seams wide open. In Northern waters they would have got along better. The *Kasota* and the *Capouka* never came to the bad end of the *Dumaru.* They limped along and managed to keep afloat, and not much more. They had leaky seams, their pumps going day and night to keep clear of water.

The *Dumaru* began her career with a curse upon her. When she was launched on the Willamette River they did not snub her enough as she went down into the water. She slid too fast. The river is half a mile wide at the point of launching. The *Dumaru* shot out, went clear across, and smashed into a collection of houseboats on the other side. Every seaman knows that an accident to a ship when she is launched is a sign of bad luck, and

old sailors aboard the *Dumaru* said the craft was cursed and would come to some disaster.

Experienced seamen did not want to sail on the wooden ships, and the local marine men at Portland, where the wooden ships were, preferred to go to Seattle or San Francisco and sign up on the smart-looking iron ships. The United States Shipping Board had to make a wide search for officers and men to sail on the wooden wonders.

I was from Cleveland. My people had always been engaged in the shipping on the Great Lakes. My father was a superintending engineer for the Wilson Transit Company. He acted as chief engineer on the flagship and looked after all the rest of the boats. His father was a schooner captain for years, and later bought and operated two tugboats at Toledo. My father started on those tugs, and had them till he died. One was the *Mary A. Green,* and I forget the other one. I sailed on Lake ships for ten years and worked up to be a chief engineer, with a berth aboard a six-hundred-footer called the *Homer Williams.* When the United States got into the war I quit the *Homer Williams* at Gary, Indiana, and went back to Cleveland,

where I reported to the shipping board, so that I could be of some service in the merchant marine. I wanted to get a run in the Atlantic, where the action was, but they sent me to the west coast, saying that most of the new ships there would go around through the Canal and into the Atlantic service. Although I had a chief engineer's license, they signed me up as an assistant engineer. I was shipped to Seattle and then to Portland, where the wooden ships were built.

I was directed to a hotel, where I found many officers of both deck and engine room who had been gathered and were waiting for ships. Some ex-members of torpedoed vessels had been sent across the country from New York and Boston to calm their ragged nerves before taking another fling. We were hanging around in the hotel lobby, and of course there would be talk. There always is when a gang of seafaring men are gathered to sign on a ship. The complaints of both mates and engineers who had been watching the construction of wooden ships were many. One old mate declared that: "The green timbers are shrinking faster than the carpenters can get oakum into the ship. How in hell can anyone be expected to

keep that ship tight?" Another veteran said that those green wooden ships, while they would be bad enough in cold water, would leak something awful in the tropics, and they would have to go into Southern waters, because the United States wasn't building them for service in the North Pacific, to trade with Siberia. "They'll be pumping their damn heads off, and some of those tubs are liable to sink." And so the conversation carried back and forth among the officers as to the unseaworthiness of the wooden ships, some declaring that they would pay their own transportation to other ports before they would ship on the wooden wonders.

A young lieutenant was seen coming our way. A general silence prevailed. A few said: "Lieutenant Jones, looking for someone to place on the *Dumaru,* which is to sail in the morning. She had her trial trip to-day." Another muttered: "Yes, and she is just like the rest, only maybe a little worse." The lieutenant came up to address our group, and several wise ship's officers immediately had business at the cigar counter, while others endeavored to do a fade-away behind the lobby pillars.

"Now," said the lieutenant, who seemed to have a hard job and didn't like it, "how many of you first assistant engineers are going to be married tonight or have sick relatives to visit?" He looked at me. I had been talking with him the day before.

"Harmon, you haven't been in town long enough to think about getting married. What do you say to going to sea on the *Dumaru* in the morning?"

As all the places of concealment were taken up, I replied:

"Yes, sir, although I wouldn't mind having another ship. But when do we start?"

"Immediately. Get your sea bags."

I was elected. It was my bad luck to catch the lieutenant's eye, and, while I might have tried to avoid service on the wooden ships, I suppose I would have got one in the end anyway.

Lieutenant Jones took me directly to the docks, and we boarded the *Dumaru,* where he introduced me to my chief engineer, Mr. Allan McCallough. I asked the chief what he thought of the *Dumaru,* and he sang another sour verse about the wooden ships. He had seen enough of the *Dumaru* to expect a rotten trip. Not only was she leaky, but

the machinery, hastily installed, was in bad shape and would need plenty of attention, worry, and hard work. Furthermore, we were bound for the Orient, the United States possessions in the Pacific, Honolulu, Guam, the Philippines. You could not have laid out a much more tropical trip than that, or much worse trip for the *Dumaru,* with her green, shrinking timbers. He gave me orders to have steam up and watches set, ready to sail in the morning. We were to steer for San Francisco to take cargo aboard there. Just before he turned in, he told me:

"We sign on in the morning. Have your gang lined up outside of the saloon at nine o'clock."

In the saloon on the following morning we faced the master, Captain Carey, and the U. S. Shipping Commissioner. In a monotonous tone of voice the commissioner read the conditions of the articles to as strange a group of men as you would want to see on a ship, some who called themselves seamen and looked it, others who looked anything but seamen. Most every flag on the globe was represented in that miscellaneous outfit about to put their names and crosses on the articles. Nearly every trade was represented too, from ribbon clerk

to farm hand. Most of the men, you could see at a glance, were the greenest kind of landlubbers, and some of them could never be turned into seamen at all.

The commissioner ended the terms of agreement by saying:

"Ship to be delivered at Manila, crew to stand by until cargo is unloaded, wages and transportation back to a Pacific coast port via passenger ship." And in the same monotonous tone of voice: "Come on, you fellows, get on the articles, and let me get away. I have three more ships that want to clear to-day."

There were the usual number of arguments. Sailors always like to wrangle about the terms of signing. That is one of the ways of the sea. And landsmen about to go to sea are like the sailors in that respect, only their questions and protests are more foolish. The commissioner, tired out by that sort of thing every day, pushed the signing along with a weary patience. Forty-four men signed or put their crosses on the articles. The commissioner went ashore, and we made hurried preparations to get under way.

With the river pilot aboard we proceeded to the Columbia River, passed over the bar at the mouth, and dropped the pilot off in the pilot boat. We entered the Pacific Ocean on August 24, 1918, on the short leg to San Francisco.

A bad spirit prevailed aboard, a spirit that seemed peculiar to the *Dumaru*. The officers of deck and engine room grumbled and complained, cursing their luck in getting on this worthless packet with a crew that should have been in a lumber camp or on a farm. The attitude of the crew and the way they went about their duties showed they felt they were on a ship that was to be tolerated only until they could get to the next port. They looked forward to San Francisco as the place where, somehow or other, they were going to say good-bye to the *Dumaru*. Most of them were in the shipping board service only as a means of keeping out of the war. Their main idea was to dodge the draft. They were between the *Dumaru* and the trenches of France, and were trying to figure out how they could sneak away from both one and the other. We soon had the idea that the I. W. W. had got in its licks with the crew.

The *Dumaru* leaked. We began to pump bilges when we started out, and pumping bilges was a constant order in the engine room. The pumps never stopped, and the bilge strainers were never free from chips and shavings that the shipyard workmen had neglected to clear away. The pumps were constantly clogged, and had to be cleared. We had a moderate sea all the way from Portland to San Francisco, but the coal we had for ballast was not enough to keep the *Dumaru* from rolling. She had no ballast tanks to fill, and we rolled all the way, from one rail to another. Roll, roll, to the dismay of our rural sailors. They got sick and sicker. They wondered why they ever went to sea and wished they were in the trenches in France. In the engine room we were kept busy repairing the auxiliary machinery, which required long, hard work before it could be put into decent shape. Those repairs meant less speed, less fire, less stoking, which, of course, was good news to the so-called *Dumaru* firemen. The entire crew of the *Dumaru* was worthless, but the black gang was the most worthless part of it. The stokers couldn't stoke and shirked doing the poor work of which they were capable.

We put in, sore and disgruntled, at San Francisco, and got busy discharging our ballast and cleaning the holds to receive our cargo. Some of the crew had shown themselves so worthless that we didn't mind getting rid of them, and these fellows, after so brief an experience at sea, had got into a state of mind in which they preferred the trenches to life on the *Dumaru*. They were taken off the ship and sent to camps to drill and shoulder arms and come to salute. From there they went on to the trenches and the machine guns and the shell fire and the poison gas in France. The old hands, true to the tradition of the sea, proceeded to get filled up with steam beer and other beverages for which the waterfront of Frisco was noted. They rolled back to ship drunk, and some slept in gutters drunk, and a few were put in jail drunk. Captain Carey and Chief Engineer McCallough came aboard ship, and this time they certainly looked happy. They had an expression of relief on their faces. With them were two other officers, and these two they introduced to us as Captain Borrensen, our new skipper, and Mr. Howell, our new chief engineer. I didn't notice Chief Engineer Howell particularly then. I had

no hint of what the future held. "They killed and ate the chief engineer," the stories say. Captain Carey explained with a joyful smile that he was ordered to go into the navy as a commander of a ship, while Mr. McCallough was ordered to a merchant steel ship. They were lucky.

We were ready to take aboard our cargo, and then came a shock, a piece of news that gave the voyage of the *Dumaru* a new aspect and a most unfavorable aspect. We were greatly surprised to hear that we were chartered by the U. S. navy to load gasoline and munitions for Honolulu, the island of Guam, and Manila. The *Dumaru* loaded with T. N. T., and that capped the climax. Captain Borrensen was ordered to anchor the ship in San Francisco Bay, hoist the red flag of warning, and make ready to receive the high-pressured cargo from scows. When the crew heard that the *Dumaru* was to load with explosives there was plenty of excitement. They said they wouldn't go. A wild group of sailors appeared before the U. S. Shipping Commissioner to get off their articles. They declared they had been tricked into signing the articles, as they were under the impression that the ship was to load merchandise at Frisco. They

hadn't agreed to go to sea on any munition ship, especially a wooden one, which was liable to sink even if it didn't blow up. Therefore, they argued, their signatures and crosses on the articles were null and void. The commissioner wearily told them that they could get off the articles if they wanted to. They didn't have to sail on the *Dumaru* against their wills. He wouldn't think of making them do anything which they didn't feel they ought to do. He had men to take their places. They could leave the *Dumaru* right away, and he would place them in regiments ready to sail for France. They all decided to take the *Dumaru* and came back to the ship. But they didn't like it. The I. W. W. was tampering with the men, how much we didn't know.

Drums of gasoline and cases of high explosives were everywhere on the deck. The crew looked at them and had a sick feeling. Between the trenches in France and the *Dumaru,* a common freighter, was bad enough. But between the trenches in France and the *Dumaru* as a munitions ship, that certainly was being caught in the middle. Nothing was overlooked in the way of precautions, for Captain Borrensen surely saw that his dangerous

cargo was properly stowed and secured. Somehow, there was a feeling of relief when the hatches were battened down on our wicked cargo below decks.

On September 12, 1918, with fair weather, we hove anchor and sailed for Honolulu.

CHAPTER III

CAPTAIN, MATE, AND ENGINEER

ABOARD the *Dumaru* officers and men made a parade of characters who, even in an uneventful voyage of ordinary routine, would have been a singular study. You will always find strange fellows on ships, and in wartime the odds and ends of the people in cities and on farms were sent to sea, along with hard old characters, veterans of windjammers and dirty old tramp freighters. The result was some of the weirdest collections of humanity ever seen. As for the men of the *Dumaru,* they were as strange and bizarre as the adventure that befell them. Some clever play producer, gathering a striking cast for a wild drama of the sea, could not have done better.

There were four deck and four engine-room officers, and each played his own vivid part in his own vivid way when climax and catastrophe came.

Captain Borrensen was a Norwegian American, a tall man of about fifty. He had followed the sea

all his life, had been sailor, officer, and mate on tramp freighters, and was a thorough ship's master. You would expect an old sea dog to be rough, hard, and profane, according to old nautical tradition. Captain Borrensen was the reverse of that. He was a religious man, a Christian Scientist, I believe. His manner was quiet and meditative, and his language altogether proper. He hated the blasphemous vocabulary of the sea. He was friendly and considerate with his officers, and toward the men he was as kind as a skipper could be with such a worthless crew.

Waywood, the first mate, was a square-built German with reddish mustache and a thick German accent. He was an old seafaring man, knew the ways of ships, knew the ways of sailors. Nothing ever disturbed Waywood. He was stolid and wooden and took whatever happened in a peculiar, cool, half-humorous way, without any feeling about it, only a slight amusement. I should call him hard boiled but not rough. He drove his men, but without any bullying, in a placid, ice-cold, impersonal way. They neither liked nor disliked him. He had that kind of personality. You neither warmed up to him nor got sore at him.

He was always grumbling, but all men at sea do. He grumbled a little more than most, but it usually had a faintly comic turn. If you were standing on deck with him he would start the conversation by nudging you. He wouldn't say anything or look at you, but just give you a dig in the rib with a thumb or an elbow. Then he would say:

"You know, this is the way it should be." He had a little cigar and would puff at it for a while. "*Ja,* I would do it this way." And then he would start putting a little humor into the conversation, showing where the skipper was wrong and telling what he would do—with the crew we had, *ja,* he would catch a lot of sharks by using those sons-o'-guns for bait. He would get off some simple joke like that.

He was stubborn and pig-headed without being aggressive. He had his opinion about a thing, and would merely keep stating it doggedly without arguing the point. One time we went out on deck together after mess. I lit a cigarette and asked him to have a smoke. He said:

"*Nein,* I only smoke when it is thirty minutes past mealtime."

I said: "What is the reason for that, Mate? Where did you hear that? Why do you do it?"

He said: "It was in the book."

"What book?"

He said: "Well, it was in the book."

And that was all he could tell you. It was in some book.

He had a watch and chain of which he was very proud, and told me it was given to him by the Mayor of Astoria, Oregon. And the watch did have an inscription in it from the Mayor of Astoria to the mate.

"What did you get it for, Mate?" I asked.

He said: "I killed a man."

I thought it was strange, getting a watch for killing a man, and asked him to tell me about it.

"It was a sailing vessel," he related, "and the captain sent me ashore with the second mate to sign on a couple of men, because a couple of our men had jumped ship. *Ja,* that was at Astoria. So the second mate and me, we went to the first saloon we saw, and there were some men standing at the bar. So we said:

" 'Say, Jack, you want a ship?'

"One man said yes, and we took him along with us, and started for the ship.

"The labor supply in that town was controlled by a crimp, a labor contractor. We were taking our new sailor to the ship when we ran into this crimp and another fellow. He tried to take the man away from us, and there was a fight. I hit the crimp, *ja.* I hit him hard, and he hit the sidewalk. While he was lying there he pulled out his gun and shot at me, but he missed me and killed the second mate, who was standing behind me. The next shot he hit me in the shoulder, but I had my gun out now, and I gave it to him. I hit him above the heart, and he was dead.

"Everybody in town had been afraid of this crimp, and they were glad to get rid of him. So the mayor thanked me and gave me the watch and chain for killing the crimp."

You wouldn't think that Waywood, such a keyed-down, phlegmatic Dutchman, was a fellow to kill anybody. That is, you wouldn't think so until you knew him better. There was a lot of cold-blooded strength behind his wooden exterior. You wouldn't think a lot of things about Waywood

until you knew him better, saw him in something more than an ordinary situation.

He was the nearest thing to a humorist we had aboard, but hardly the kind of man with whom you would want an extended conversation. He and I were always friendly, but his cold negative personality did not make him a good companion.

The professor, or the nearest thing to a professor aboard, was Second Mate Staats. He too was a German, one of those quiet, studious Germans you sometimes find at sea. He was well educated and had several books aboard. His eyes were slow and meditative and kindly. He was very simple, the way thoughtful, learned men often are. I don't want to make it appear that Staats was a great scholar. Maybe he was only a little better educated than ordinary. But you didn't have to have much book learning to be a great scholar according to the standards of the *Dumaru*. I liked Staats, and in spite of the things that happened and were said, always trusted him.

Third Mate Nolan was working on an officer's license for the first time. He had been a sailor on yachts. I think he was an extra man around harbors who was taken on yachts that happened to need

another hand. He seemed to be fairly well educated, and had gone to navigation school, and in that way had secured a license during the war. He didn't look like a seaman at all. He looked like a yacht man. He was a good-looking young fellow, tall and slender. In his conversation he tried to put on an air that he was an old hand. He liked to tell how he would run the ship if he were skipper, what he would do if he were the first mate or the second, how he would handle the men, what he would do to this one and that. He could work out his sight with a sextant and had a little ability with the maps. But he didn't know as much about it as he thought. He would check his reckonings with those of the other deck officers, and three out of four days he would be wrong. He would say he was right and the other three were wrong.

While the war service of the other officers was inevitably in the merchant marine, since they were veterans of sea-going ships, Nolan might reasonably have been in line for the army. He explained his being at sea during the war by citing a philosophy which was always in his mind: "Every man for himself."

Here too he tried to put on an air of matured

wisdom. He would explain things by the hour in this way: "Nobody else cares what happens to you. Nobody is looking out for you. When a man gets as old as I am" (he was twenty-three) "he finds that out. I am going to watch out for myself." He was all set on that theory—every man for himself.

He liked to talk and be friendly, but most of the fellows had no use for him.

Howell was the chief engineer, who, the rumors run, was killed and eaten. He was small, slightly built, dark, good-looking, and quite the gentleman. His uniform was always nice. His manner was always a trifle stately. He liked to have you know he was the chief. He was thirty-three. He had a chief engineer's license and had been chief on a little passenger boat that ran between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. Before that he had been second and then first assistant. He had been an assistant on the transport *Thomas.*

He was a cynical type, with an acid way of saying things, and he didn't care whom he hurt. When speaking of anyone he would make cynical remarks. He would ridicule you for any idealistic feeling you might express. If anyone said anything about the beauty of a sunset at sea, he would laugh

and sneer and say you had to be a fool to get excited about anything like that. It was a part of his cynical turn that he hated the sea and still was giving his life to it.

He liked to tell stories, and knew a lot of them, drummers' yarns, smoking-room stories, and one dirtier than the other. He would tell them, going from bad to worse. He told them well, and they were funny. He had one trick he loved to play, which got under our skins a little. As I have said, Captain Borrensen was a Christian Scientist and a gentleman. He was a Christian and a decent man. He had quantities of ideals, and profane language was not at all to his taste. The chief didn't like the captain, and ridiculed his high-minded theories. At the mess table he would say:

"Captain, here's a new one. Maybe you haven't heard it before."

And he would tell one of his smuttiest stories. The captain would squirm, and Howell would laugh. He would keep on making the obscenity stronger all the time, until the captain would get so angry he would get up and leave the table. And that would give the chief a big laugh.

The first assistant engineer was myself, F. J.

Harmon, age twenty-six, six feet tall, weight two hundred pounds. I suppose I represented the average of the whole race of ship's engineers. I was rather slow and easy-going, good-natured, and inclined to a quiet talk over a quiet glass of beer. I wasn't looking for adventures or happenings romantic or terrible. I didn't want any. I looked upon this war service as only a little out of my line of navigation on the Great Lakes, with the *Dumaru* a somewhat worse and somewhat more uncomfortable ship than the Lake vessels. I had no further idea than to serve out the wartime period with San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam, and the Philippines taking the place of Cleveland, Chicago, Duluth, and Buffalo. You might have found a key to my character in the glasses, rimless and with thick lenses, I always wore, always had to wear. They gave me the look of a spectacled, plodding ship's engineer.

Second Assistant Engineer Olson was what I should call a trouble maker, of which breed the *Dumaru* had more than its share. He was a Norwegian or a Swede, medium built, red mustached, a hard worker. He was a burnt-out engineer. A man burnt out is dried up, withered, shriveled. He

has been in the engine room in the tropics so long that the heat has turned him into a human cinder. He has perspired so much that he can't perspire any more. Olson was like that. His face was lined with deep harsh lines, and he had a nasty disposition. He was a fighter—my way is right, you are wrong. And yet the quality in him that did the most to make him a trouble maker was one that is useful in life, useful on a ship, useful on the *Dumaru*. He was ambitious. He wanted things done, and he wanted them done in the best possible way in his department. He wanted to be the best in his line, and he worked with a sour aggressiveness to be the best. He was a hard driver. He drove himself, and he drove his men.

Third Assistant Engineer Mackey was perhaps the most capable man among the officers. He was from Portland, Oregon, a Scotch-Irish blond, about five foot eleven, splendidly built and good-looking. He was a jolly, impetuous chap, generous, would give you the shirt off his back. He was ambitious, aggressive, and a fighter. When he started anything he finished it. He was working on his first license as an assistant engineer and had his mind set on becoming a chief engineer. In his

scrappy way he was always fighting with Olson. Those two were of clashing types and couldn't have been around each other for ten minutes without having a row. Sometimes Mackey would quarrel with me about the work at hand. We'd wrangle it out as loudly and bitterly as any two old hands at sea, but we were excellent friends. We could fight in the engine room and on deck wouldn't remember a thing about it.

Before signing on the *Dumaru* Mackey had been in the submarine area in the North Atlantic. He had been with ships that carried grain from the Pacific Coast, through the Canal to France. He told me of one curious thing that had happened. He was on a vessel that loaded with flour at Portland, Oregon, and took the long trail into the Atlantic. The cargo was badly needed in France. In the Caribbean Sea they got into bad weather and lost their propeller. They had to unload the ship to put the propeller blade on. There was a shortage of flour at Jamaica, and after they had transferred the cargo the Jamaica niggers stole it. They took the flour sack by sack, until there was nothing left. When the ship's hands went to reload the cargo, no cargo was there.

The wireless operator was a boy of sixteen, just out of high school. The first time I saw Sparks was when he was brought down to the ship by his mother in a car. He was nicely raised. His parents had money. His father was sales manager for Libby, McNeill & Libby, packers. It was odd to have a boy out of a good home on a worthless old tub like the *Dumaru*. But Sparks had the usual kid ambitions about wireless, the usual kid notions about the sea. He had a romantic seagoing eye, and his idea was that the cruise of the *Dumaru* was going to be one of those enchanted voyages you read about in books, Jack Tar, life at sea, the magic of ships, and the kid aboard who will probably be a hero somehow or other, a nautical hero, a hero of wireless. Sparks had somehow or other talked his parents into this high-flown notion, and they had sent him away to sea on the *Dumaru* with all the paraphernalia you could think of to give to a boy bound on such a maritime jaunt. He had an expensive sea chest with an expensive sou'-wester, books about the sea and the islands of the Southern ocean and the lands of the Orient.

He was a very friendly chap, and everybody was friendly with him. We all regarded him as the

kid aboard the ship and treated him as a kid. He was a delightful fellow, smiling, and very orderly in his habits. He followed out orders nicely, respected everybody, all the officers and even the sailors. You might set him down as a model youth, the kind you read about in boys' books of the sea. I took him under my wing, telling him how things stood, advising him, explaining the ship to him, showing him how to work the navigating instruments, telling him stories of ships and ports and the sea—the sea as I knew it, meaning the Great Lakes. And he always listened so eagerly, so innocently, so respectfully.

CHAPTER IV

GRAVEYARD SHAW AND GEORGE THE GREEK

BOLSHEVIKS of the sea is what I'd call the crew of the *Dumaru*. A bad I. W. W. spirit prevailed among most of the men. Added to that we had aboard several of the most talented and accomplished trouble makers that ever put to sea. These trouble makers were the most interesting characters of the cruise. Two at least were spectacular and well worthy of places beside any of the bizarre figures you find in old romance of ships. The two were Graveyard Shaw and George the Greek.

Graveyard Shaw was the cook, a shiny black Jamaica nigger. The race of sea cooks is traditionally a queer one, and Graveyard Shaw was one of the funniest. I remember him first for the wild rambling talk I heard coming from the galley, where he was busy with his pots and pans:

"I am Graveyard Shaw. I am a bad man from

Jamaica. I can lick any man on this ship, and if they don't believe it wait till the boat is at the dock, and I will show them. I killed a man. I'll kill somebody on this ship. I am Graveyard Shaw, and I killed a man."

And somewhere in the crazy raving was sure to be:

"I am no white man's slave." Meaning that he was no down-trodden American Negro, but a free-born subject of His Majesty. He talked with that peculiar nigger cockney you hear in the West Indies.

Day in and day out you heard his rambling. He seemed never to be still. He talked to himself. He talked to everybody who would listen to him. He talked when you weren't listening to him, grumbling, threatening, telling of the man he killed, saying he was no white man's slave. He would almost drive you crazy, the way you might go crazy in a lunatic asylum, having to listen all the time to the chatter of madmen. We knew he was crazy, a bit off. He had a silver plate in his head. Once he told that he had his head cracked in a drunken brawl. Another time he said that while he was working along the Canal in Panama

a steam shovel hit him on the head. He made pineapple liquor, which he kept in the refrigerator. He drank it all the time and was always tipsy. He was a lugubrious, ghoulish, mad black man. He laughed sometimes, but I never saw him smile. He was a good cook, we ate well, and that covered a lot of his sins.

He was nasty with everyone, beginning with the captain. He would talk up to the captain, and start in:

"Captain, you are not on the right course. You made a big mistake. I know this ship isn't being navigated right, and I don't have to stand by while the ship is being handled the wrong way. I am no white man's slave."

Another time the funny piping nigger cockney voice might drone and whine:

"Captain, I am not getting the right supplies. The steward is cheating me. He is working against me. He is no good. You make me steward and make that steward a seaman."

And he would tell about the man he killed and end with that monotonous, crazy "I am no white man's slave."

The most extraordinary thing was at mess. The

galley on the *Dumaru* was just after the officers' messroom, and between the galley and the messroom was an opening, a kind of window, through which they passed the food. Shaw would hand in the bowls and platters, and then, while the officers ate, he had a great habit of standing with his head in the window and watching. His head was framed in the window. He would intently watch us eat, chatting along all the time. He would see the captain balancing some peas on his knife and say:

"That old fellow is going to cut his throat some day."

He hated the captain and would go on something like this:

"That damned old fool don't know how to run a ship. I'd make a lot better captain than he is. And if he keeps on mismanaging this ship there is going to be trouble. I'll see to that. And I'll be the captain. I'll make him a common seaman, and you just watch me make him scrub that deck."

He also hated Waywood the mate, and then he would turn his eyes to Waywood and watch him eat:

"That damn mate is no good, and I hope to see him fall overboard some day and drown. Damn

him, he is a cold-blooded scoundrel. Look at him grinning. He's always grinning."

He also hated Howell, the chief engineer:

"And that damn dumb-bell thinks he is a gentleman. I am a gentleman. And him a chief engineer? They ought to make me chief engineer, then I'd make him a stoker. Ha, ha, ha, how I'd make him shovel that coal."

He also hated me and cursed me. He hated everybody and cursed everybody, except Sparks. But everybody liked Sparks, and even Graveyard Shaw had nothing bad to say about him.

It was a sight never to forget, the black head framed in the window, grinning, making faces, while the nigger cockney voice piped on, cursing us as we sat there—and always coming around to the man he, Graveyard Shaw, had killed and how he was no white man's slave.

These proceedings aroused considerable indignation at first. The captain would run him out and tell him to get away and shut up. Soon we got used to Shaw's jabbering and paid no attention to him, except when he said something particularly funny, and then we would laugh. We had to stand for his antics because he was such a good cook.

The captain might have thrown him out of the galley, put him in irons, or pitched him overside and had somebody else made cook, but it was better to stand for a crazy nigger's lunacies than to have to eat bad food.

With the crew Shaw was mean and abusive, cursing them, picking fights. For no reason at all he would walk up to a seaman or a stoker and insult him:

"I am going to kill you, you so and so. I am Graveyard Shaw, and I am going to kill you."

He was in fights and troubles all the time, and the other men were always taking a punch at him. But he never was badly beaten up, because as soon as he saw a fist or a foot coming his way he would turn and run and go to the captain and say:

"This man is insulting me."

You must take the story of the wreck of the *Dumaru* with an accompaniment of a mad cook's jabbering:

"I am Graveyard Shaw, and I killed a man. I am no white man's slave."

As a companion piece to Graveyard Shaw, there was Christensen, the steward. I remember him as

a very small, very blond Scandinavian with a timid look in his eye. He always struck me as being a little bit afraid of what the other fellow was going to do to him. You often see men of his type as cooks on Pacific Coast steamers—a Scandinavian who has the call of the sea in his blood and is not physically fit to be a sailor on the deck. Christensen talked about a farm he had in a little place called Bandon in Oregon and often told how when the war was over he was going back to the soil. He was a great lover of nature and gabbed a lot about the wonderful cedar forests, the white cedar and the red, the flowers and the grass and the sky and the clouds. He was a sort of a dreamer.

Christensen was the atheist aboard, the kind of argumentative atheist you often see. Nature was his God, he said. The wonders of nature his religion. How could there be a personal God? He was always arguing some philosophical opinion, usually with some deck hand who had no philosophical opinions at all. He was always talking against religion.

The atheist was a mild Bolshevik in his fussy, timid way. Once in a while he would blow up, like the worm that has turned, like the rabbit that

has finally lost its patience. He would rush to the captain and in his high-pitched, quavering voice would demand things.

"This is my department, Captain. I am the steward, and I should have something to say."

The lady-killer aboard was the officers' mess boy, Metcalf. He was blond and slender and always wore loud striped silk shirts with frayed cuffs. A 1918 sheik is a good description of him. He was a garrulous, egotistical chap, forever spouting about something, how good he was, especially how good he was with the women. When he put out coffee at night in the officers' messroom he liked to sit down and converse, if you would let him. And he would talk as long as you would let him. It was too bad that he had had to take a job like this. He admitted he had shipped on the *Dumaru* to avoid being drafted into the army. He tried to give the impression that he really belonged to a walk of life much higher. He told of the figure he cut around Portland. He was a man about town, and went to gay, swell social affairs. He would give you a long list, one after another, of women who had fallen for him. He mentioned movie actresses. He told about this and

that famous movie actress he knew and how much they thought of him. You would find out that, according to him, nearly every celebrated movie actress had fallen for him.

In old-time sea stories you often had a bad man of the sea. Usually he was Portuguese or maybe a Frenchman. He was a black-hearted villain of the pirate breed, savage, scowling, a killer of men. Aboard the *Dumaru* the bad man of the sea was George the Greek. He was a typical dark Greek, very dark. He had a cruel thin-lipped mouth, heavy jaws, small eyes, heavy brows, rather a hooked nose. On one cheek he had a big zigzag scar, from below the eye all the way down. He wasn't very tall but was exceedingly broad and brawny, all muscle, immensely strong. He looked dangerous—wicked and dangerous. He used to talk about Bulgaria. I suppose he was a Greek from Bulgaria. He told that he had served as a soldier in the Balkan War. He was a good fireman, a terrific worker. He didn't shirk work but seemed to enjoy it. He had tremendous energies and the instinct of work. He was an old-time fireman. The life of a fireman isn't long. They burn out. They go back and turn into coal passers, who don't have

to pull fires, pull the slags out of fires. Some last longer than others. George the Greek was one of the longer ones.

His friends were nobody. He seemed to hate everybody, with never any other greeting than a scowl and a curse. He was a trouble maker, quarreling with everybody, always making a disturbance. But he was no Bolshevik. He did not stir discontent or lead discontent. The Bolshevik gets sympathizers together and forms a gang, but George the Greek was against everybody. He was against the officers, and he was against the other men.

He was a great gambler. Sparks, who with a kid's interest used to watch the crap games in the fo'c'sle, told me how the game would go on down there, with George raging, cursing the dice, cursing the other men. If a man touched the dice before they came in, George would blaze at him. "Take your hands off that, you dirty such and such." He would fight with them about the bets that were made.

Sometimes I would meet him when he was coming out of the engine room, and, as I always

wanted to be on good terms with the men, I would say:

"Well, George, how are things going to-day?"

And his would always be a surly answer like: "Go to hell." He didn't like me. He didn't want to be friends with any officer. He didn't want to be friends with anybody.

The other men, mean and pugnacious as they might be, let him alone. When he cursed them they would curse in return, but they always backed away a little. They were afraid of George the Greek. They thought he was a dangerous man to fool around with, and I guess he was.

George's rival as the hardest character in the black gang was a fireman named Heavy. He was a round-faced, red-whiskered, small-eyed American wobbly, a West coast I. W. W. stalwart, and very, very nasty. He was the Bolshevik leader aboard, and most of the men in the black gang listened to Heavy. He hated law and order everywhere, hated the officers, hated the rules of the ship. He wasn't eloquent, but was convincing and forceful and ruled his followers by the strong-arm method.

His particular disciple was a young blond curly-headed German named Wiegant, who was a nice boy, agreeable, docile, and naturally a good worker—that is, he was except when he was under the influence of Heavy. That wobbly agitator had an unquestioned sway over him. Away from Heavy, Curly Wiegant's better traits came to the surface and he was a cheery, orderly, respectful chap, but when Heavy was around he lapsed into Bolshevism. He showed no violent streaks, but got dumb and sullen and wouldn't work.

There was a competition on between George the Greek and Heavy as to which one should be the worst bully of the engine room. They had a fight once, and a brutal affair it was. They mauled and slugged each other. I heard that Heavy had the best of it, but, anyway, it wasn't a convincing victory. George must have handled himself in such a way that, even though he might have had the worst of the fight, Heavy didn't want any more of it. Anyway Heavy wasn't looking for any more trouble with George, and from then on gave him a wide berth. They continued their competition as to who was the biggest bully, but they did it by seeing who could bully the other men the hardest.

Of the deck gang the chief Bolshevik agitator was big Karl Linns. He was a huge Russian Finn, six feet three or over, and he had as broad a pair of shoulders as any man I have ever seen. He was the wrestler type, narrow headed, no neck. He had about the intelligence of an eight-year-old boy, all brawn and no brain. He was not aggressive or pugnacious, but knew how to take care of himself among men. He didn't seem dangerous, but you could see the prodigious amount of strength he had and could tell that if you went too far with him he would use that strength in a way that would be a catastrophe.

He was always bragging, not about the one thing he had to brag about, his muscular might, but about what he could endure. He had been in lumber camps and on ships. He told of huge hardships in lumber camps, and as for the sea, he said he had been ninety days adrift in an open boat off the coast of Chile, without food or water. He related another tale of being shipwrecked on Christmas Island and of having to live there for months among the natives. I think there was something in that one.

His Bolshevism was not violent, as Heavy's was.

Big Karl was simply, and phlegmatically, against the ruling order and the bosses. He talked about it all the time in a childish, argumentative, stubborn way and quietly but obstinately refused to do anything, that is whenever he could find grounds for the refusal in his simple mind. He spent a large part of his mental energies in discovering things which he might do but which were not definitely part of his job. These he would refuse to do.

His particular antipathy was Graveyard Shaw, with whom he was quarreling all the time. Big Karl could have crushed the half-wit little coon with one blow of his paw, but he wasn't the man-shattering kind. He would merely wrangle and argue, and you could hear him and Graveyard Shaw hard at it any time of day or night, cursing each other, arguing ridiculous statements, giving each other general hell.

You can't talk about big Karl Linns without coming to Ole Heikland. The two men were close friends, after the fashion of the strong friendships that are formed at sea. Big Karl thought the world of Ole, which was a curious thing when you considered Ole's make-up. Temperamentally he was

the reverse of the giant simple-minded Russian. He was a Norwegian of the better class, tall, slender, good-looking, large black eyes, wavy black hair, neat about his person, scrupulously obedient to orders, a believer in discipline, a good all-round seaman. He was intelligent, nimble witted, well educated, studious, and looked more like a scholar than a sailor. He was an old-time seafaring man, and had been quartermaster on the P. & O. boats running to the Orient. On the *Dumaru* he was not rated even as a first-class seaman, although he was fitted to be much more. But I don't think he was a naturalized American, which he would have to be to get a license. He told about his father, a small-town merchant and landholder in Norway, and described the farm where he was born, a beautiful place with a brook running through it.

Ole was no I. W. W. He believed firmly in law and order, which put him and big Karl Linns in opposite camps. But that didn't affect their friendship. Big Karl didn't do much of his Bolshevik arguing with Ole. He had too much respect for Ole's opinion. Once in a while maybe Big Karl would show his agitator's streak, and Ole would

make it clear he didn't put any stock in that sort of thing. Big Karl wouldn't dispute the point at all. He thought too much of Ole.

On the deck of the *Dumaru* you might see one of the most nautical figures that ever went to sea, a hard old salt, straight out of the books of sea adventure. He was Mike Sutse, the bosun. He was a short dark Russian, the squatty type, round head, big ears, scar of a knife cut across his right cheek. He was forever smoking cigarettes, one always drooping from his lips. The most characteristic time to see him was before breakfast. Old sailor-like he always began the day by pacing the deck, back and forth. The veteran seaman pacing the deck in his own peculiar professional way is one of the characteristic sights on ships, and you could put down Mike Sutse, the bosun, as a perfect salt-sea example. He was the dominating personality among the other men, a that-is-right and that-is-wrong kind of fellow, not jolly, but gruff and stern.

Bosun Sutse had already had an eventful life at sea. He was on the *Princess Sophia* when she went down and more than a hundred were lost. He had been in several other shipwrecks that are well known in maritime circles. On the *Dumaru*

his chief amusement was catching flying fish, which is one of the characteristic diversions of the old-time sailor. He was always rigging up his two sticks and canvas projecting outward from the deck, a lantern there, and the flying fish would shoot for the lantern and fall into the canvas. He always had a line out with a home-made hook to catch barracuda. Once he caught a piece of a barracuda's jaw. The speed of the ship tore away the jaw of the fish.

CHAPTER V

FROM QUARTER DECK TO FIRE HOLE THEY CURSED AND FOUGHT

THE first watch out from San Francisco. Mr. Howell, the chief engineer, marked on the blackboard in the engine room:

"Make revolutions. This cargo is needed."

He then ordered each of us assistant engineers to run the engines at full power and told us to stand our watches in the fire room so that we could drive the firemen and crowd the water-tube boilers to full capacity.

Olson, second assistant engineer, with his aggressiveness, ambition, and determination to be better than the others, had his mind set on hogging the revolutions. Each watch in its period of four hours competes with the other watches in the game of getting revolutions, making the propeller hum, which means efficient work done, speed made. You will often find engineers who hog revolutions, use

every means they can, fair or foul, to have the most revolutions chalked up to their watch. I knew that Olson would want the lion's share, would not be happy unless his watch made the best record, and that if he did not have his way he would be surly, discontent, and a trouble maker. So I let him hog the revolutions. As the first assistant I had quite a lot to say in the affairs of the engine room.

Making revolutions depends largely upon the kind of firemen you have. There are good firemen and bad. If you have the best firemen on your watch you can beat the other watches when they have their turn. I had the say in assigning the firemen to the watches, and to make Olson happy and keep him from being troublesome I let him pick the firemen for his shift, his watch, let him pick the best. I remember that when the firemen were lined up and Olson was doing his selecting, the first man he chose was George the Greek. You could tell at a glance what a bad character George was, but you could also tell that he was a good fireman, a magnificent worker. Moreover, I think that George had worked under Olson on some previous ship. So Olson took the best firemen, and

I divided the rest between myself and Third Engineer Mackey. Olson naturally had the edge on us when it came to chalking up revolutions on the blackboard. He was hogging the revolutions to his heart's content.

Big blond Mackey was also ambitious, and, with his vital, energetic temper, did not gracefully accept my placid assumption that Olson should be allowed to stand first. Mackey wanted to be first himself, and to be put in an inferior place consistently was an arrangement that went against his grain. He and Olson were naturally made to be enemies anyway. The burnt-out, red-mustached Olson and his arrogant ways roused the Scotch-Irish fighting blood of Mackey. Olson, however, had the best firemen, and what could Mackey do about it? He scowled with his blond brows over his blue eyes, set his pugnacious jaw, and was sore. I had a problem on my hands with Mackey, and he was always raising hell with me because I gave Olson the break. Fighting together or not, Mackey and I were good friends. I liked him and sympathized with his ambitions. It was a fine, strong determination of an energetic, capable fellow to make good. There was nothing egotis-

tical or nasty about it. I sympathized with Mackey's keenness to beat Olson and his resentment of the advantage I had allowed Olson. Olson's triumph and superior airs over his revolution hogging were getting on my nerves. So I gave Mackey a chance to get on something like equal terms with Olson. One thing that cuts down revolutions during a watch is cleaning the fires. You have to drag the slag out, and while you are doing that the power of the engine is lessened. I had the watch before Mackey's. The cleaning of the fires that he would ordinarily have to do during his watch I did at the end of mine. That made me a bad third, but it evened things up a bit between Mackey and Olson, and a bitter competition resulted. Mackey was able to beat Olson most of the time. It made Olson my enemy and Mackey a better friend of mine than ever.

The competition between Olson and Mackey made plenty of revolutions, speed for the *Dumaru,* but it was tough on the black gang. The two rivals drove their men like fiends. The firemen, discontented, rebellious, Bolshevik, wanted to shirk, did everything they could to shirk, and Olson and Mackey were driving them, driving them hard,

driving them savagely. There was a perfect hell in the fire room, cursing, fights, mutinous growlings, pandemonium. Olson cursed his men and was cursed by them. Old-time engine-room bully, who had seen the game at its roughest, he could hold his own with the worst characters. His red mustache bristled, and his heavily seamed face was menacing, and his small dried-out frame set with a nervous tension. That burnt-out second assistant engineer in the dirt and sweat and unbearable heat of the fireroom and in the glare of the fire was like some wicked unearthly gnome. Mackey, big and powerful, ruled his men by main strength. He cursed them, and they cursed him, but their curses were always tempered by the knowledge that he had the beef and brawn to outdo any of them or even knock 'em galley west if he wanted. He was like a blond, grimy giant at some mythical forge.

I. W. W. Heavy, with profane roars and ugly mutterings, agitated his Bolshevism, the true dyed-in-the-wool wobbly. His disciple Wiegant listened enchanted, blond German boy allured by the ferocity of the I. W. W. stalwart. George the

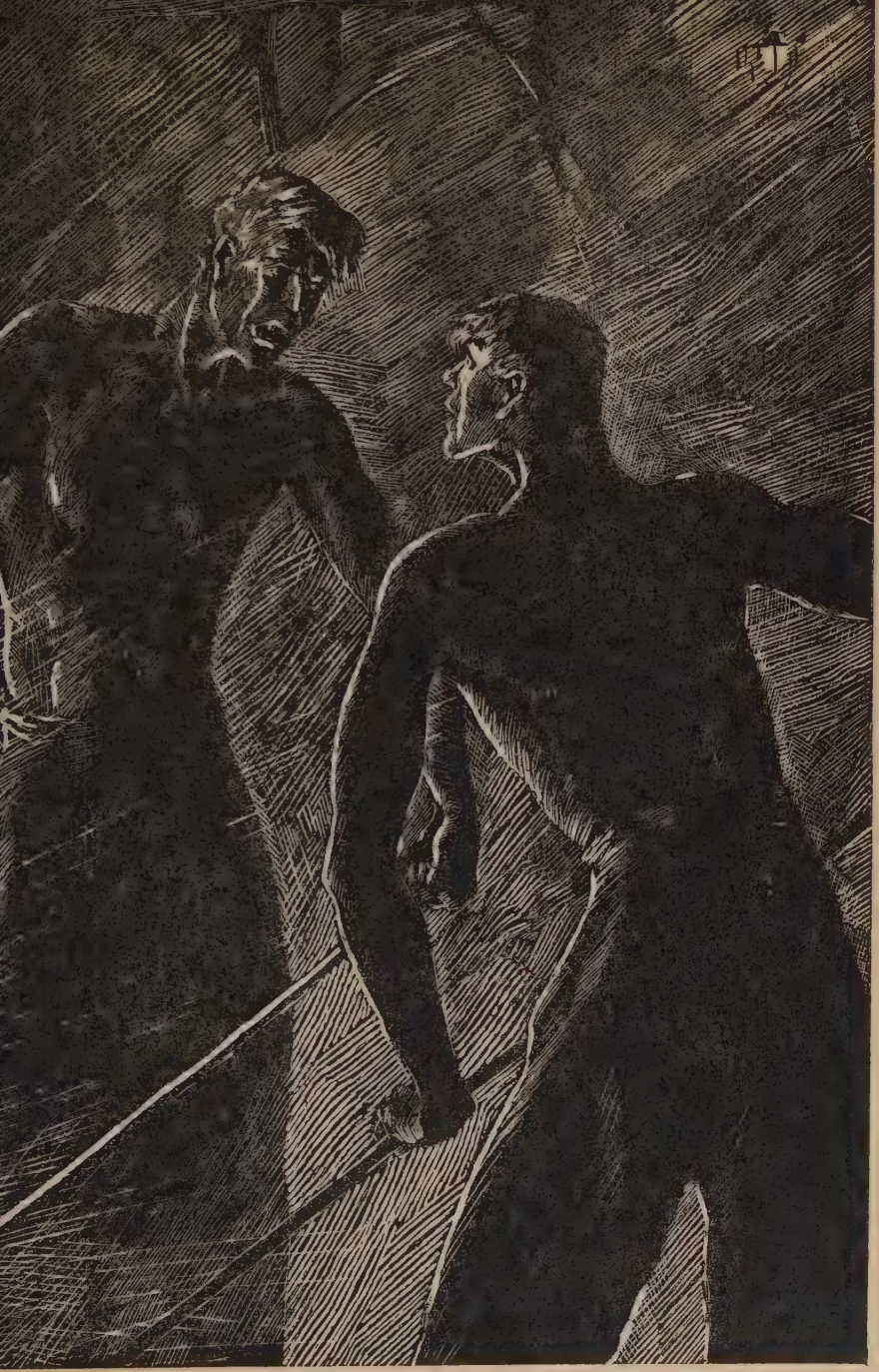
Greek snarled at everybody, enemy of everybody, lone wolf snapping at all the world.

There was a fireman named Banfield whom George hated particularly. The two men were sort of natural enemies, and in the fireroom you could always hear them cursing each other, and they would throw red-hot clinkers at each other. They would even throw shovelfuls of fire at each other. That made the hell down there complete, devils tossing fire back and forth, eh? George had Banfield buffaloed, although Banfield was a big, powerful man.

I had to drive the men of my watch, too. Having the poorest of the firemen and cleaning the fires for Mackey, I had to drive if I expected to make any revolutions at all. Mine was a gang of slackers over whom I had to stand every minute, and I did my share of cursing and urging them on. I had just one man who was a willing worker, and Olson and Mackey had passed him up because of his stature. He was a West coast jockey named Wood who had got overweight. He was short and fat, but really very strong. Wood, after he stopped riding the horses, had been an ice-cream maker

in a hotel at Portland, and was not accustomed at all to hard and grueling work such as has to be done in a fireroom. You might have expected an ex-jockey turned ice-cream maker and put suddenly into the hell hole of a ship's fireroom to soldier on the job. But Wood was steady, hard working, conscientious, and, in spite of his small pudgy body, he was the most capable fireman on my watch.

I had one man who was weirdly out of place in the fireroom. He was an oiler named Samuelson. A lanky, soft kind of person, rather mincing, rather soft spoken, a bit effeminate. He had been a film router for the Fox Movie Company and preferred the fireroom of the *Dumaru* to the trenches in France. He had never been meant for the sea, looked out of place, was out of place. He was distinctly not in his element in that small broiling world of rage and brutality below the deck of the *Dumaru*. He was one of those misfits seen on ships during wartime. He was always talking about his wife, to whom he was devoted. He told how daintily she set the table at teatime and what dainty things to eat she provided. He wished he was home with his wife at tea.



RE WAS A PERFECT HELL IN THE FIRE ROOM, CURSING, FIGHTS.

Six days out from San Francisco, six days of savage driving and fighting in the fireroom, several of the firemen collapsed on the floor plates while they were cleaning the fires. We hauled them out into the shaft alley where the water tanks were. There the temperature was only 95 degrees. Two ordinary seamen from the deck were sent down to take the played-out men's places. I had a good insight into the character of Captain Borrenson. He went far out of his way to be kind and attentive to the burnt-out firemen.

Eight days out from San Francisco, with a high sea running, I went down on the 4:00 A. M. watch to relieve Second Assistant Engineer Olson. He was cursing, and this time he had more reason than usual. Water was coming into the engine room. The ship was listing. The water rose to the cranks of the engine, and the engine and boiler-room crews were ready to run up the ladders to the deck. The ship had a thirty-degree list. The bilge strainers were plugged from the rolling of the ship and from the washing of dirt and shavings into the strainer boxes. Also we still had plenty of water in the hold from the leaking of the green timbers. The list of the ship brought the

water into the engine room. Olson was trying to free the bilge strainers and at the same time hold his crew in order. His burnt-out, seamed face was twisting with rage.

"Hold it," I told him, "and I'll see what's wrong."

I went on deck. The seas were coming over the rail on the starboard side. The rail was flush with the water. He had a heavy deckload of coal. The coal had shifted and was listing us heavily to starboard. As the heavy seas broke over they were washing the coal off as they receded. I went up to the bridge. The mate Waywood was on watch.

"Wie gehts, Harmon. How is things?"

He had his usual humorous manner, and I wondered, How can this be? Doesn't he know the ship is listing? I asked him, and he replied in his guttural German accent, quite unperturbed:

"Sure she's listing—any fool could see that. I'm a fine mate if I don't know when a ship is over on her starboard rail."

"Have you called the captain?" I asked.

"What for?" he asked.

"Why, to do something to straighten the ship."

"What for?" he asked again, in his supremely

indifferent way. "She straightens herself. *Ja.* The seas are washing the coal off, and when it is all gone she will straighten herself."

That was reasonable enough, but it seemed to me altogether too cool and too placid a way of taking things as they come.

"You better call the captain quick," I said, "or we'll be in the lifeboats soon, if that coal keeps sliding over to the starboard side."

Waywood grumbled, "All right." Calling the captain or not calling the captain didn't mean much to him. Soon the skipper was on deck and ordering all hands to straighten the ship by moving the coal to the port side. In the engine room Chief Engineer Howell, whom I had called, was directing the piping of new bilge lines to the starboard side of the engine room to get the water collected there. The original bilge lines ran only six feet each way past the keelson, and it was impossible for them to clear the water in the engine room. It was noon before the water was removed and the ship on an even keel.

When the excitement of straightening the ship had passed, the firemen and coal passers, led by Heavy, our I. W. W., refused to turn to. They

had been trimming coal on deck for eight hours and said the officers had no right to order them to stand engine-room duty right afterward. They complained they were all in and in no condition for another watch. Heavy was the inciter and noisiest and most truculent—that is, along with George the Greek. Heavy was stirring up and leading the discontent of the others, George was only for himself, but they were both about even in making a disturbance. The captain had the two of them put in irons, while Chief Engineer Howell, assisted by Third Mate Nolan and the assistant engineers, drove the rest of the firemen below to their shovels and slice bars.

The embryo mutiny led to an ugly development. Chief Engineer Howell, stately and sour, went around among the officers and got them into the messroom. Second Mate Staats was not there. Howell, with his manner of always wanting to play the gentleman, spoke in a nasty tone:

"There is something crooked going on here, and I know it. You all ought to know who's behind this. It's Staats. He's a German, and he's out to do dirty work. He's hooked up with Heavy." When he mentioned Heavy he added a few foul epithets

which made us all sneak glances at Captain Borrenson.

"Staats and Heavy," the chief engineer went on, "have got it framed between them to delay the ship and cargo and sooner or later to destroy them."

That surprised us, because Staats seemed a quiet and decent fellow. Suspicion is an easy thing, and I don't know how the others felt, but I didn't believe what Howell said. There was a short discussion, which Howell ended by announcing in a peremptory way:

"When we get to Honolulu I am going to inform the authorities of this. I have information that I am not talking about now. I will lay it on the table then and have Staats and Heavy put under arrest."

That just about completed the ugly spirit aboard the *Dumaru,* with officers suspecting each other of schemes and conspiracies against the ship. Staats, mild and inoffensive, seemed to be unaware of what was going on, but there were constant arguments among the others about the supposed plot, with Howell sneering and cursing.

The next two days of the passage before we

steamed into Honolulu harbor were full of turmoil. In the galley Graveyard Shaw was getting worse and worse. His foolish prattle never ended. When a man of the crew would pass the open galley door Shaw would yell out at him about the man he had killed. When an officer ordered him to do something in the line of duty he would invariably answer: "I am no white man's slave." With big Karl Linns as his enemy from the start, he got into a feud with George the Greek and was lucky to escape being killed. He also made an enemy of Mike Sutse, the bosun, who thumped him and called him every foul name in the wide nautical vocabulary that Mike had at his command.

The day before we entered Honolulu, with a moderate gale and sea, a cast steel bearing supporting the quadrant to the rudder post cracked and dropped the quadrant in a position to bind the chains to the steering-engine drum. We had to stop and rig a chain hoist from the quadrant to the rudder post, taking the weight of the quadrant on the hoist. It was devilish hot work on a tropical day in the confined space above the quadrant at the stern of the ship. Mackey, who was working

beside me, was not the kind of man to weaken, but this time there was a tone of despondency in his voice as he said:

"Well, what a ship to go to sea in, built by the mile and repaired by the yard."

We entered Honolulu harbor in the forenoon of September 22, 1918, moving up to the native wharf under our own power. There the stevedores were waiting to unload the munitions and gasoline that were billed to the United States navy. This was only part of the munitions and gasoline we had aboard. A better spirit seemed to pervade the *Dumaru*. The men seemed less quarrelsome, more content. It might have been because they were happy to be in port for a few days. That was a relief, a welcome change from the routine of sea watches. However, there seemed to be too much contentment and cheer. Mackey and I were standing on the deck and looking first at the hills and palms of a tropical island and then at the longshoremen who were unloading cargo. I remarked to Mackey: "A peace truce must have been agreed upon among the crew. I haven't heard any beefing or belly-aching since we entered the harbor."

Mackey had a scowl on his blond square face.

"There is something brewing. Wait a bit. It will show up."

The next day both the engine room and deck crews refused duty, declaring they had been brutally treated and wanted to leave the ship at Honolulu. The captain and chief engineer were ashore, and we aboard were faced with something like a mutiny. We argued and threatened, but there was no use. The men declared they were going to appeal over the officers' heads to the United States government authorities ashore. The captain and the chief engineer returned, and with them was a Department of Justice man. We put the matter up to him, and he went around among the crew, looking them over and talking to them. They made their complaints, and he replied that none could leave the ship who were needed, and if any were allowed to leave the ship they would be straight on their way to the trenches in France. That threw a lot of cold water on the mutiny. After a consultation between him and the officers it was decided to let about a dozen members of the crew go—that is, to the trenches. The ones selected were not the trouble makers necessarily, but the poorest

workers, the city slickers and farm hands who were of the least use aboard ship. What we needed was efficient workers who could be made to do their work whether they were Bolsheviks or not. The decision left us still in possession of our prize characters, Graveyard Shaw, George the Greek, big Karl Linns, and "I. W. W." Heavy. The places of the twelve who were sent back were taken by Filipinos and Hawaiians from Honolulu.

The reason for the Department of Justice man coming aboard was the case of Second Mate Staats. Howell had immediately taken the captain to the shore authority to prefer his charges. It was in Howell's room before the captain, the Department of Justice man, and myself that Howell stated what he called the evidence against the second mate. He told of seeing batteries, wiring, and other electrical material in Staat's room, from which he made the positive inference that this material was to be used in a plot for blowing up the ship. He further told of having observed Staats in conversation with the I. W. W. fireman, Heavy, in the darkness on the boat deck on the previous evening, that is, the evening before the crew re-

fused duty. He had seen Staats talking to Heavy at other times, he stated. The Department of Justice man investigated the matter. He searched the second mate's room and found no electrical material. He questioned Staats, and Staats denied having any electrical material. Staats gave reasonable answers to every question asked him. Heavy was given the third degree also, but he too gave good answers. He managed to get through without giving any information to discredit himself. Howell's charges came to nothing, for the moment. The captain judged Staats innocent of any wrong and decided to keep him on. Heavy still held his job as the boss bully of the stokehold, in competition with George the Greek.

CHAPTER VI

QUIET PRELUDE BEFORE CATASTROPHE

THE passage from Honolulu to Guam took seventeen days. We were in the deep tropics now, and the temperature in the engine room reached 110 degrees. The men drank huge quantities of water. Limejuice was issued to them to prevent cramps. The Filipinos shipped at Honolulu were small men and turned out to be hands from sugar plantations. All they wanted was a free ride home to Manila. They had signed on as firemen, but they couldn't stand the gaff. In almost no time they were all burnt out. They would come on watch, and when drawing fires the unbearable heat would be too much for them. Taking the hose, they would turn it over their hands and douse their bodies with cold water. Then, like damned idiots, they would swill quarts of cold water. The next thing they would get cramps. In a little while they would get

convulsions and double up and become unconscious. After this had happened several times we demoted them and made them coal passers. This forced us to take some of our white crew, men signed on as water tenders and coal passers, and compel them to be firemen. A low trick that, but it couldn't be helped.

One of the Filipinos was quite the superior of the others. He knew pretty good English, and I used to talk to him because I never had encountered Filipinos before. He was willing and rather stronger than most of his kind. A brave chap, too. He told me he was from a village of one of the provinces near Manila, and from a large family that lived in a nipa house, made of grass thatch. He had gone to Hawaii, tempted by the promise of high wages—that is, high wages for a Filipino. He had made good money, he said, but was sorry he had ever left home. He was frightfully homesick and always talked of his father and mother and many brothers and sisters. He wanted to be back in that little village of nipa huts, back in the jungle, where life was easy and work not so hard, and where the parrots were screeching and the monkeys chattering.

The Hawaiian we took aboard was a seaman whom everybody called "Honolulu Pete." He, according to the rumors that were spread about us later on, was killed and eaten, along with the chief engineer. He was a Kanaka, brown yellow, Roman curved nose, rather good-looking. He talked English and had been in the States. He was always talking about women, and told how one in San Francisco had got all of his money and a ring which he prized a great deal. He told of it as a signet ring which he had bought on shipboard from an old sailor who had made it out of a coin, a strange coin. The girl got it, and Honolulu Pete was still bemoaning the fact.

The crew seemed to get worse all the time. They seemed to improve in the knowledge of what their rights were and in quoting sea law. Graveyard Shaw, George the Greek, the wobbly Heavy and his disciple Wiegant, big Bolshevik Karl Linns, whose great redeeming feature was his friend Ole, all got in their usual quota of trouble. Even the cool first mate, Waywood, lost some of his humorous, placidly cheery manner. The kindly old skipper remained unruffled. I suppose it was Christian Science.

The days were beautiful, unchanging fair weather, cloudless sky, tranquil sea. The tropical nights were magnificent. I used to like to stand at the rail at night, talking to Mackey. His strong, determined spirit was always a bracer. I used to talk a lot with young Sparks, who, in spite of all the disagreeable troubles aboard the *Dumaru,* retained the buoyancy and fresh interests that you associate with a kid wireless operator who is looking for the romance of the sea. Sparks was vastly interested in the salt-bitten bosun, Mike Sutse, who seemed to his youthful imagination to be the quintessence of the traditional seafaring man. The bosun, though surly and uncommunicative with most, told Sparks long stories of his adventures on ships. Sparks, young and unsophisticated, was rather shocked by the lady-killer, Metcalf, and his stories of the countless girls who had fallen for him, and the list of movie actresses. Christiansen, the atheist, shocked Sparks, too, with his disbelief. The small, pale, peevish Scandinavian steward was always telling the kid, How can there be a God? There is only Nature, the beauties of Nature.

At night I would often see a tall spare figure at the rail gazing away silently in the darkness,

as old sailors often do. Perhaps there would be another figure beside him, a youth. These were the two Jenningses, father and son. The old man was about fifty-five, a veteran seaman who had become a ship's carpenter and had shipped on the *Dumaru* as an A. B. He was a fine silent man, quite according to the ideas of what a sailor should be. He got to the point at which a good many old sailors arrive. They don't spin yarns, they don't talk about the sea, they don't talk at all, but they think a lot and sit out on deck alone at night and look out over the dark sea, and do a good deal of dreaming of the past. The young Jennings was a boy out on his first voyage. He was a well built, rather raw-boned lad, clear complexion and large dark eyes, very soft. He had a timid nature, I think, and you could not imagine him doing anything to hurt anybody. His associates on the ship seemed cruel and brutal to him.

You couldn't help being affected by the way father and son were devoted to each other. Out on deck at night old Jennings would never be with anybody except his son. He never seemed to talk to anybody except his son. They bunked together and sat next to each other at mess. Harsh and

ugly as things were aboard the *Dumaru,* one fact was taken for granted and respected—the affectionate bond between Jennings father and son.

There was one man who by this time had developed into a characteristic sight on the *Dumaru's* deck. He was Pete Wieland, a mere slight boy of only nineteen who had taken a fancy to let his beard grow. And what a beard it was! He had an unusual growth of hair on his face, and from his jaws a long black stately crop spread a foot down his shirt. He had a regular post at the winch; the other men called him "Christ at the Winch." He was a talkative, bragging chap and was always telling how tough he was. I don't think he was so tough. He was a would-be gangster from Portland. He told tales of his exploits as a thug, and some of the younger seamen believed him. They would say:

"He is a bad fellow. He's got a reputation around Portland, and there are a good many policemen looking for him."

He told one yarn about a time when some policemen were chasing him and he jumped into the Columbia River and swam under the docks. He got caught between some piles and was almost

drowned. He was jovial and pleasant, wise-cracking, swaggering, slangy—pretending to be a hard character. He enjoyed the nickname they had given him.

The *Dumaru* was given a hearty welcome at Guam. Few ships were coming in, and it had been three months since a vessel had put into port to deliver any mail. We had the mail aboard. Marines and gobs swarmed over the ship after we anchored, each man outdoing the other in asking questions. What was the news from home? What was the news from the war? The poor devils isolated out there were lonesome and homesick, and any word from the States was welcome to them. After the marines and gobs had heard all we could tell them, they proceeded to give us the local news. The island was in a terrible state. The influenza epidemic which was sweeping the world was at its height there. It was killing the natives by the hundreds. We were advised to stay aboard ship while we were at Guam, and this was not welcome advice. We were eager to put our feet on solid land once more.

There were no docks at Guam, and we had to discharge the cargo in small barges that were

towed by two or more steam launches. Work on the cargo started in the afternoon of our first day in port. We put ashore gasoline and munitions. But we were still left with the gasoline and munitions for Manila, a large supply of it, stored in the forward hold. We took aboard a number of empty drums from Guam, and these were placed in the forward hold over the full drums. The munitions were in the afterhold.

On the second day after arriving a water tender named Barrett developed a sudden swelling in his left hand. In a period of one day it was twice its normal size. He reported to the captain, saying that he was in great pain. After looking him over the captain decided that Barrett was a hospital case and told me to take him to the government hospital ashore. At the last moment the captain decided to accompany us, and we took Barrett into a launch and steered through a channel cut out of the coral bottom for a distance of three miles and then up a river to a small navy yard. In the channel we passed through schools of huge fish which the natives call skipjacks. The captain said he knew the fish as bonito. The island was a beautiful mountain of tropical greens, a paradise to a

sailor who has been long at sea. A truck took us over a palm-lined road to the nipa-palm hospital, where we were greeted by a young marine who took Barrett in hand. Barrett was examined by a doctor, and a marine brought out this report:

"Tropical skin disease called elephantiasis. You will have to stay in the hospital."

Barrett was given two blankets and floor space, for all the cots were taken by marines and natives of the island who were dying with the flu. It was almost impossible to move around on the floor, which was covered with sick and dying natives. It seemed a bad place to leave Barrett. He would have much preferred even the *Dumaru* to that pesthouse. He didn't know it, but he was lucky. We later learned that Barrett, who had been something of a malcontent aboard the *Dumaru,* had been questioned about the trouble. He admitted the I. W. W. had approached him at San Francisco and had tried to line him up for dirty work aboard the *Dumaru.* On shore he turned their proposition down.

The captain and I walked out to the dirt road, glad to breathe pure air again. It was broiling hot. We tried to get a cool drink but were told that

the ice plant was under repair. The best we could do was to buy two large green coconuts from a native woman. We drank the contents on the roadside and slaked our thirst.

We got our fresh water aboard at 2:00 P. M. of October 16, 1918. At 3:00 P. M. we hove anchor and passed out of the bay into the Pacific. The tragedy of the *Dumaru* was about to begin.

CHAPTER VII

SHE BLOWS UP OFF GUAM

AT 5:00 P. M., while I was in the engine room standing the 4:00 to 8:00 watch, we ran into a tropical storm that darkened the sky and deluged the ship with so much rain that the scuppers could not keep free the well decks. The lightning was severe and so close to the ship that at each bolt the ship lights would dim and as the disturbance lessened, brighten up again.

I passed from the engine room into the fireroom to see how my watch was taking the storm and was standing to the port side of the boiler room when a heavy explosion occurred. The roar of it seemed to come from the forward hold. The boiler room filled with coal and dust. I could see that the space between the bunkers and boiler fronts was clogged with coal. Evidently the force of the explosion had forced the wooden bulkhead be-

tween the bunkers and forward hold into the bunker and pushed the coal out into the fire hold. Because of the coal, one could no longer pass from the port to the starboard side. I wondered if all the men had escaped. Not hearing any outcry, I felt that none was injured and came back into the engine room. Standing at the engine handling platform between the two main engines were the fire-room's crew black with coal dust. Quickly taking count, I found that none was missing. The men were most anxious to get to the deck and made a break for the stairs but at my order stood still. It was about thirty seconds from the time of my entrance into the engine room when the engine telegraphs rang and the dial showed stop. I stopped the port engine, and observed Mackey, the third assistant engineer, shutting off the starboard engine. He had been in the upper engine room on his way to relieve me for supper when the explosion occurred. When the engines were stopped a matter of several seconds passed when the telephone rang and I recognized the captain's voice in his order, "Get to the boats." I gave an order to the oilers to increase the feed water in the boilers to keep them from blowing off steam and to pass

up the stairs to the boat deck. They passed up quickly enough, some taking the steps four at a leap.

Mackey and I went up through the engine room into our room, his being directly across the passageway from mine. Hastily we collected some clothing and what valuables we had there. As I picked up a suit of clothes I glanced through the porthole of my room to see the sky brightly lighted with flames which I knew were coming from the forward hold of the ship. Calling to Mackey to hurry, I came up on deck with the suit of clothes under my arm. Mackey followed me, carrying a valise. The rain was coming down driven by such a terrific wind that I could scarcely breathe. A fierce misty glare, as the forward part of the ship was blazing furiously in the wild wind and rain. It was our cargo of gasoline stowed in the bow that was burning like a flaring torch in the tropical storm. The *Dumaru* was a goner, I saw. It would not be long before the fire spread to the cargo of munitions in the after hold, and then up she goes.

The ship had been struck and set afire by lightning, though nobody directly saw the lightning strike. There was much discussion afterward, but

the general opinion held that it was lightning. Young Sparks said so positively.

He was on his way to the officers' messroom when a flash hit close to the ship. Just as he walked into the messroom there was another flash, even closer to the ship, and it made him jump a little bit. Somebody said, laughing:

"Are you scared, Sparks?"

He said he wasn't scared, but he *was,* all right. He was sitting at the table, and the messman was just putting his plate in front of him. He was facing the forward part of the ship. On the other side of the table was the second mate, Staats. Then came the third bolt. He saw the flash and heard the report at the same time. It was more than thunder. It was a shattering, deafening explosion, and the floor of the messroom seemed to sag. It could only have been that the lightning had struck the forward part of the ship and caused an immediate explosion of gasoline fumes. The fore hold was loaded with drums of gasoline, and everywhere in the forward part of the ship were empty drums to which gas fumes still clung. Sparks immediately ran out on deck, and saw a leaping fire. The whole forward part of the ship was ablaze.

He ran to his room, where he had the key to the radio shack, and was opening the drawer to get the key when Chief Engineer Howell came running into the room.

"Get the S O S out as quick as you can."

"I am just getting the key now, Chief."

Sparks ran to the radio shack. The flames had swept to the bridge and were leaping from the teak pilot house. The radio shack would go next. Sparks dashed in. He was the kid operator doing his stuff. In an instant he had the motor generator going, the transmitter tuned for a broad wave, and the receivers on his head. He pulled the lightning switch down with his right hand, grasping the aërial switch with his left. As he did so the safety gap on the tuner arcked white, his left arm was jerked up, and he felt a terrible burning sensation through it. It was over in a second, but the arm was limp and numb. He began to tune the receiver, but could hear nothing, not even static. The safety gap had not fused together. The bolt of lightning or the tremendous atmospheric charge had carried down the antennæ, burning up the receiving set. He could receive nothing but could transmit. He sent distress calls. Sticking to his post

he flashed S O S again and again. In about ten minutes Chief Engineer Howell ran into the shack. Sparks could feel a burst of heat as the door opened.

"Come on, Sparks," the chief engineer shouted, "the last boat is astern."

That was Sparks's story. The chief engineer had another idea altogether. Howell, still following the notion that had become a pet of his, claimed that Second Mate Staats and I. W. W. Heavy had got in their dirty work and planted a bomb and set it off. He argued that Staats had taken advantage of the electrical storm as a cover for his villainy.

It could not have been more than several minutes after the explosion that Mackey and I and the engine-room crew got on deck. I ran to the boat deck. Men were crowded there. Waywood, the mate, and Sutse, the bosun, as I approached, pointed to dangling lifeboat rope tackles which were hanging down on the leeward side. I saw the boat had been launched and wondered why they were so much concerned about it.

"Nolan took the boat," Waywood told me in his feelingless, almost jocular way. *"Ja,* he lowered

the boat without the captain's orders, and he and some others have already beat it."

Third Mate Nolan with six men had left the ship and rowed away in a lifeboat which could easily have accommodated twenty. He later claimed his conduct was justified, and that he couldn't have done anything else. It was one of those cases where one man's opinion is as good as another's.

The flames were now coming over the bridge, and as the boat deck was directly behind the bridge the heat was almost unbearable. The captain came out of his cabin and gave orders to the mate and to the men gathered on the boat deck, telling them to overhaul the lifeboat tackle if possible and hook it in the remaining lifeboat on the leeward side, and then launch the boat. There was a scuffling of rapid work. The ropes, being new and wet, were twisted in such condition that it was impossible to haul them through the blocks. The men struggled with the ropes. The flames were blowing straight at them. The order could not be carried out. A gust of flame caught me and seared the right side of my face.

The captain then told Waywood to get the boat

over on the windward side. By this time the boat deck was crowded with most of the crew, who were quite excited, for it looked as if the boats would be burned before they could be launched. To make the situation more difficult the seas were running high and breaking heavily against the ship on the windward side where we were to launch the upper lifeboat. The captain's order was carried out, however, with Bosun Sutse, two sailors and myself riding the boat down to the water and freeing the ropes through the block as we went. A sea lifted us, the tackle unhooking automatically as the boat crashed against the ship's side. We were not damaged to any great extent, however, for the men took up some of the shock by putting the pike poles into the ship's side. By using the oars and pike poles we managed to keep the lifeboat clear of the ship. Dropping back to the stern, Sutse threw the painter, and it was caught and made fast to the taffrail by the mate, Waywood, who had run aft with the crew following him.

Riding in the boat at the painter's end on the mountainous seas, the stern of the *Dumaru* towered high above us. The crew could be seen gathered there and seemed undecided as to what they

THE STERN OF THE "DUMARU" TOWERED HIGH ABOVE US

would do. It was getting dark by now. As the flames broke over the bridge they lighted up the stern of the boat, and we could make out the captain, the chief, and a man in a white uniform, whom Sutse informed me was a naval officer, a Lieutenant Holmes. I did not know that he had boarded the *Dumaru* as supercargo bound for Manila, before she sailed from Guam. Thinking of the cargo of explosives in the afterholds of the ship, I called out to the men above me to jump into the sea. Sutse and two sailors in the lifeboat with us also shouted, urging those aboard to hasten. The flames now were breaking over the radio house at the after end of the boat deck. The captain, seeing that the two boats remaining were enveloped by fire, gave an order for the men to jump. Into the sea the men came, the bravest first, the more timid waiting to see how the first made the lifeboat. We pulled the men into the boat with difficulty owing to the heavy seas and rain. With more men in the boat, those in the water were hauled aboard faster. In a very short time all who had jumped were aboard the lifeboat. There were still a number of men aboard the *Dumaru,* the captain, Second Mate Staats, a cook, and a water

tender. Lieutenant Holmes, now in our boat, took command and gave Waywood the mate orders to hold the boat as steady as possible. Lieutenant Holmes also shouted out to the captain:

"Jump, quick. She'll blow up any moment."

From the dark end of the after deck, high above us, the captain's voice boomed back:

"There are too many in the boat already. We will try to get a life raft over. You lads drop back and get clear of us before the explosion." Then he added: "Find Nolan's boat and put some of your men in it."

So Holmes at once ordered the painter cut, and as the oars rose and fell we dropped back from the ship. Riding off into the darkness and storm, each man pulled for his life, and I wondered if we could get clear before the explosion came. I expected it in each stroke of the oars. Half of the ship was a roaring furnace now. We could see it as a foggy crimson glare in the wet and rain. The thought of the captain and the men on the burning ship was terrible.

In the lifeboat was an old sailor named Jim Ferreter. He was a tall, raw-boned man with a long, gaunt face that might have been a Western

cowboy's. On the other hand, Jim Ferreter was completely and superbly the old-time sailor, especially when you saw him in a sou'wester. He was all bronzed and tattooed on his chest, but weatherbeaten until the tattooing was all wrinkled and corrugated. Jim had been so long under tropical suns in his shirt sleeves that the skin on his arms was wrinkled and dried up. He was a veteran schooner sailor. On the *Dumaru* he spent his spare time teaching the younger men tricks of ships in the sea, the art of handling ropes, all nautical secrets of the weather. He took a fatherly interest in the younger men.

While we rowed away leaving the captain on the blazing ship Jim Ferreter was protesting. Thinking more of those aboard the *Dumaru* than of his own life, he stood up demanding that Lieutenant Holmes stop the boat, and go back to the ship and take off the captain and the other men.

"Yes," he shouted, "even if we all go up doing it."

"Shut up, you fool," yelled someone who knocked him to the bottom of the boat.

Ferreter, in a frenzied rage, jumped up and grabbed the mast that stood in the middle of the

boat. He heaved it overboard, shouting: "All right, then, I hope you all die."

In our haste to get away as far as possible from the burning ship we did not and could not stop for the mast.

We were about a mile from the ship, lying out in the darkness, when the explosion occurred. It was a sight I will never forget. A huge fanlike flame reached high into the sky above, with meteorlike bodies of fire falling away from the sides of the fan, which I took to be burning pieces of the ship and its cargo. It was several seconds before the terrific concussion reached us, with a large sea created by the explosion following. Huge burning pieces of the ship fell into the sea near us and continued to burn, with the heavy rain still coming down. Awed by the explosion, a silence fell upon the crew. Each man gazed intently upon the sea of fire that several seconds before had been a burning ship, and thought, no doubt, of the fate of the captain and his three companions. Weeks were to pass before we were to learn how they had managed to launch the life raft and get away just in time.

Holmes realized the danger of our position, for

the burning sea of fire was coming down upon us, driven by the strong wind. He ordered all to the long oars, and we pulled for our lives. We pulled long, hard, and earnestly into the darkness of the storm, with the wind and rain beating upon us. At length Holmes called a stop, saying that we were out of danger. The fire now could be seen behind us, but not so brightly, for it no doubt was burning out. The wind decreased, but still blew fresh, and the rain continued to come down, chilling us all, heated as we were after the strenuous pull at the oars.

Holmes now tried to carry out the captain's program of locating the other lifeboat and placing on it some of the men of our overcrowded boat. Friction flares were put burning and held above our heads, where they sputtered in the rain and slowly died out. It was impossible to light the lantern, owing to the rain and spray coming into the boat. If the other boat were burning a flare or lantern, we decided it would be impossible to locate it, because of many burning pieces of the ship which now dotted the sea. After resting for a short period with the sea anchor out, we decided to head for Guam, steering by the boat compass,

reversing the course which the *Dumaru* held after leaving Guam.

With all hands pulling at the oars we shoved the round-nosed boat ahead at fairly good speed, aided by a following wind. We missed the lost mast which Jim Ferreter had thrown overboard and decided to make one by lashing two of the long oars together and mounting it in the forward seat. The job was done by Ferdette, the ship's carpenter. He had been something of a man of mystery aboard the *Dumaru,* seldom talking about himself. I heard later that he was a deserter from the Canadian army. He had a short reddish mustache and dressed in canvas pants and canvas shoes. He looked like a beachcomber. We spread our "leg of mutton" sail after fastening it to our improvised mast, and the thought of having breakfast in Guam in the morning helped us through the discomforts of the storm.

After four hours' sailing and rowing with the wind still after us, Lieutenant Holmes called a stop, ordering down the sail, and the sea anchor out, saying, "I think we have gone far enough tonight. A reef extends out around the island, and this wind may drive us on it if we get in too close."

The sea anchor brought the bow of the boat into the seas, the boat riding them nicely, for the rain now had brought the sea down considerably. Oars were lashed over the top of the boat and the sail spread over them, for a means of temporary shelter from the rain. The sail was only large enough to cover twenty of the men, and through the night there were many quarrels and fights among the sailors and stokers to hold a place under the much desired shelter.

I preferred the chill of the rain to the turmoil under the sail, and went forward to find a place to lie in the wet. There I came upon big Karl Linns and his inseparable friend, Ole Heikland. They had waterproof sea coats to cover them. They gave me a place beneath their shelter. Their two coats were enough to cover three. The burn on the right side of my face was sore and inflamed, and the salt of the sea water made it worse. We slept, and awakened at dawn.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHANGE OF THE TRADE WIND

THE rain had stopped, but the daybreak was dark and gloomy, the sky was overcast, threatening another storm. The wind was still blowing lightly toward Guam, which we could see, a high mountain towering above the clouds in the distance. Land in sight, and there seemed no reason to worry. The men were unhappy and surly after a wretched night, but everybody was cheered by the thought of being back in port in a few hours. Some grumbled because there would be work with the oars to help the sail along and speed us to the island in the distance.

I counted thirty-two men in the boat. The phlegmatic mate Waywood, with his eternal faint grin, a forbidding kind of smile, was the only deck officer of the *Dumaru* who was with us. All the engine-room officers were along. I noticed that Chief Engineer Howell was keeping up his gen-

tlemanly dignity as best he could in the unfavorable circumstances of a wet boat after a bad night. I, with my burned face and the eternal spectacles on my nose, must have been a peculiar sight. Olson looked more saturnine and burnt out than ever. Mackey was his capable vigorous self, turning an energetic hand to anything that had to be done, radiating strength and cheer. Of the crew we had the full collection of priceless characters, all save Heavy, thank heaven. That trouble-making I. W. W. Bolshevik had deserted the ship and got away in the first boat with Nolan. Heavy's faithful disciple Wiegant was in the boat with us. He was slender and blond, quiet and obedient. He always was quiet and obedient when Heavy was not there to influence him with the devil's counsel. He seemed to miss Heavy. We had Graveyard Shaw wailing bitterly about the discomforts of the boat. He was going to send somebody to join the man he had killed, because he was no white man's slave. George the Greek was seen scowling and heard cursing, his same savage self in bad circumstances as well as good. His particular enemy, Banfield, had been left aboard the *Dumaru* with the captain and the others, and, what we then

did not know, had got away on the life raft with them. Big Karl Linns, so much of a Bolshevik on the *Dumaru,* was quite a bit better in the lifeboat. Danger and adversity had turned him into merely a helpful giant. Now he seemed more like his friend Ole. Christensen, the atheist, took our troubles as further proof that there was no God—there was nothing but Nature. Everything was Nature. I saw Metcalf, the lady-killer, and wondered whether he was thinking about his movie actresses. The one whom I thought would wilt under any kind of hardship was my oiler, the soft and inoffensive Samuelson, whose wife set such a beautiful table for tea, but he seemed to be holding up quite sturdily. Sitting next to each other were the two inseparables, the old sailor Jennings and his young son.

A tin of sea biscuit was opened and passed around to each member of the boat. While we sat eating them, Holmes laid out the work for the morning. As he described the reef about the island, I noted that he was a much younger man than I had previously judged him to be; for his voice in the darkness of the night led me to the conclusion that he was much older. Now as I saw him in the

gray light of the morning I could tell that he was only about twenty-six years old, tall, slender, and handsome. His uniform did not add to his appearance for it was gray from the dirt of the boat, and dripping from the rain. After Holmes had described the approach to Guam, he ordered the sea anchor aboard, the sail set, and oars out.

We made fair progress toward Guam, the boat sailing somewhat sideways owing to its construction. Being a Lundin boat, rounded at both ends and without a keel, it had more the appearance of a scow than a lifeboat. As we sailed I noticed that the wake left the boat more amidship than from the stern, making us row only on the one side in order to hold a straight course. The oar the chief mate held at the stern for a rudder was not enough to hold the boat to her course. We had not proceeded far when we ran into cross currents which delayed us by causing the boat to come out of wind and at times turn completely around.

It was only about thirty minutes after our morning's start, when the wind turned directly around and blew off the island, lightly at first, but increasing to a gale as the morning progressed. We found that the sail was useless to us with the offshore

wind, for the boat would not tack, and even the oars would not hold her into the wind. We took down the sail and doubled up on the oars in a desperate effort to keep the island in sight. It was of no use: the current and wind were too much for us. The sight of land disappeared in the murk of the storm. We were being driven away from the island. All the time we were expecting a ship to hove in sight and pick us up. We all thought that Sparks's S O S calls would surely result in a search being made for us.

A ship did appear. Sparks was sure it was on its way in answer to his S O S, but Lieutenant Holmes, after studying it, said it was the patrol boat from Guam on her regular trip around the island. We yelled and waved, and Sparks, as the smallest of us, climbed the mast and waved a red flannel shirt. The ship kept its course and disappeared.

Toward evening the gale increased and we were forced to put the sea anchor out to save ourselves from the seas breaking over the boat. Discouraged after the day's hard labor, we pulled the sail over the boat to help us through another night of misery.

When the sail was stretched over the boat we experienced the same trouble with the crew as on the preceding night. The fight for shelter became more violent, and several of the Filipinos were knocked stiff by George the Greek. The Filipinos —there were six of them with us—had come into the boat in their underclothing and suffered terribly from the cold. Being very small men, they tried to conceal themselves under the thwarts of the boat in that part covered by the sail and thus protect themselves.

George the Greek and his followers looked on the Filipinos, Honolulu Pete, and Graveyard Shaw as the ones, and not the white men, to stand the grief in the boat, and continued to kick and punch them from under the sail. The mate, sitting aft with Holmes and the chief engineer, would get up when the disturbance became too violent, seize the hatchet, and try to quell the fighting by threatening the disturbers with it. It was of little use, for the men were too hard to be frightened, and in time the Filipinos, through hard knocks, learned to keep away from the sail, and through the night shivered with the spray coming over them in the unprotected part of the boat. Grave-

yard Shaw and Honolulu Pete were harder to convince that the sail was only for the white men, and through the night while we tossed in the storm, Shaw and Pete argued and battled with George the Greek. Thrown out time and time again, they came back for more punishment. It was well along toward morning before quiet came upon the boat, and the last words were from Shaw, repeating his old statement that he "was no white man's slave."

Again I was lucky in sharing Karl and Ole's coats outside the battleground, but did not keep quite so dry as I had on the first night, for we took young Sparks in with us and now had four men to cover with two coats. Being in overalls as I was, clothed for engine-room duty, I suffered greatly as the spray kept coming over us. The suit which I had tried to save as I left the *Dumaru,* somehow in the excitement of launching the boat, decreased to a pair of trousers, the coat being missing. In a spirit of generosity I gave the trousers to my oiler, the frail and soft Samuelson. He now had them wrapped about his neck, the seat part hanging over his shoulders, the legs being tied at the front. As we lay in the bottom of the boat I longed for the

comfort which I knew that pair of pants would give me, and thought of many ways in which I could get them back again. But I passed them all up and continued to shiver beside young Sparks, who was no better off than myself, he being dressed in white duck trousers and an undershirt.

In our suffering the night seemed endless. With the rain flooding down, we could have collected plenty of water, but never guessed how badly we were going to need it. To help us bear up in the cold we talked of events since the shipwreck. As the four of us lay there under two raincoats, we checked over the members of our crew to find out who were in the other boat, which we knew was somewhere being tossed about in the storm as we were. It was Sparks who gave us their names. According to him, the other boat was manned by Nolan, the third mate; Heavy, the fireman; Gray and Miller, oilers; Wurfell, a water tender; and four Filipinos of the engine room. Big Karl spoke up when he heard their names, saying:

"We could be riding this storm in comfort if those damn thieves were real sailors and had waited for the captain's order before abandoning the ship."

His friend Ole, who lay beside him, was most pessimistic as to the outcome of the storm and our chances of making Guam. According to Ole, the change in the wind that accompanied the storm was due to the seasonal coming of the trade wind, which blows from one quarter for weeks without changing and then turns and blows from the opposite point.

From the stern of the boat where Holmes, Chief Engineer Howell and First Mate Waywood were lying, snatches of conversation would come to us now and then. Holmes was being questioned by Waywood as to the distance to Seypan and Anson Islands and the Caroline group, and our chances of making those islands if we couldn't make Guam and were not picked up by a steamer in answer to young Sparks's S O S. Holmes did not think we would have any trouble in getting to Guam, after the storm had passed. Anyway the S O S, he was sure, would bring help.

It was the trade wind that was blowing. We would have sailed easily into Guam that first night with the wind behind us, but who could have guessed that the very next morning was the time for the trade winds to change and blow the other

way. In sight of land, in easy distance of the shore, the wind sprang up against us, the wind that blows from the same quarter for weeks, and here we were in a good, seaworthy boat, but a boat that could not tack. That was one tough break.

Sparks had sent his S O S calls with the duty and devotion of a young enthusiastic operator who finds his chance to get off a bit of wireless heroism. I suppose, in fact, that the kid would have been something of a local hero, if we hadn't had such damn bad luck. The S O S was never received at Guam. You see, there is an arc set and a spark set, a continuous wave and a damp wave. At Guam they just happened to be listening in on the arc and were unable to hear anything on the spark. At intervals of every three minutes they were supposed to listen in on the spark, after which they could come back to the arc. The wireless men at Guam claimed they were listening in at three-minute intervals on the spark during the time that the *Dumaru* was sending S O S calls. If so, why had they failed to get our signals? An explanation is that the electrical storm was so intense that they were afraid to do anything but ground their aërial and wait until the storm had passed. Anyway, our

signals were not heard. If they had been we should have been picked up by the cutter at Guam the day after the wreck.

The second day in the boat was like the first, no let-up in the wind, the seas running high with the spray coming over the boat. It was hard to give out the water and biscuit to the men because of the way we tossed about and the crowded condition, for the thirty-two men left little space to move. Chief Engineer Howell managed this task aided by the bosun, Sutse. The chief drew the water from the two metal containers secured under the thwarts, and the bosun passed it around in two enameled drinking cups and saw that no man had more than his share. Two sea biscuits were issued from the biscuit tins, and as they were passed around the mate said, "This will be the last time we will have two biscuits, for to-morrow, if we don't make Guam, we will have to go on one a day." This statement did not go over very well, for we all felt the need of a square meal. The stormy weather seemed to whet one's appetite. As a precaution against loss of water by stealing, or from someone jarring open the small water cocks on the water containers, the cocks were locked

in such a manner as to make it difficult for anyone to open them.

Someone noticed that the light Manila line holding the sea anchor over the bow of the boat was chafing, owing to the motion of the boat. Upon examination we found it so worn that it was dangerous to leave it out any longer. A search through the boat's equipment showed two hatchets, one water pail, one lantern, palm and needle, ball of sewing cotton, one gallon of kerosene, two sailor's knives, one wooden bailer, one piece of wax, two pumps, one piece of hose and about twenty-five life preservers that the men brought aboard the boat, but no extra line. Fearing that the line would part and throw the boat into the trough of the sea, Holmes ordered the oars out as a safety measure, until we could find something to use as a line. Mackey's sharp eye noted the quarter-inch steel cable that passed around the boat through small pulleys, a part of the automatic unhooking device that served so well when the boat was launched.

The two hatchets in the hands of Mackey cut the cable and it was taken from its place and made ready to fasten to the sea anchor. The sea anchor was then taken aboard while the men held the boat

bow to the wind with the oars. Two wooden gratings were lashed and fastened to the cable and the canvas bag sea anchor, as an extra precaution should we lose the sea anchor.

The third night was passed in suffering from the cold, and to add to our discomfort we all endured pangs of hunger. There was the usual fighting for places under the canvas, with George the Greek punching and kicking the Filipinos, Honolulu Pete, and Graveyard Shaw. George was getting more and more into his rôle as the devil of the party and bad man of the sea. He roared and raged and cursed like some burly, savage fiend. The crew, led by Graveyard Shaw and George the Greek, howled for more sea biscuit, and then threatened to raid the tins, but their threat was not carried out, for Waywood held one hatchet and Mackey the other.

It was the next morning that we again sighted land. Holmes said that the mountain top which we could see through the hazy atmosphere, was the island of Seypan or Saipau, another of the Ladrones, the group of islands of which Guam is the largest. However, I was sure it was merely another glimpse of Guam that we were getting from

a different angle. The mate thought the same as I did, but no one knew for sure. We sighted this mountain top through the storm, when the visibility was poor owing to a spray carrying wind that swept over the boat. There was a lull in the wind for a short period of time; the overcast sky cleared just enough to reveal high land in the distance. But since losing Guam on our first day out there had been much maneuvering with the boat, changing of course, rowing with the oars on one side while the sail drew, rowing on both sides with the sail down, and then the periods when we lay with the sea anchor out either because the weather was too stormy for our sail or because we were too tired to work. We had lost the detachable rudder, and the mate was using one of the oars for a rudder while Ole, Big Karl and the Bosun tried to help him hold to a definite course. Our glimpse of the mountain only lasted for a little while. Then the clouds closed in again, the wind shifted, and later it blew harder. The boat pitched in such a manner as to make it totally unmanageable. For a long time we lay with the sea anchor out, and then we drew the sail over the oars to escape from the spray and wind that swept over the boat. We were

worn out from hard work and loss of sleep. Many of the men were giving up hope of making any of the islands in this corner of the Pacific.

The Greek and his clique complained of Holmes's lack of seamanship, and they also did much fighting among themselves in an attempt to secure shelter under the sail.

On the third day the storm broke, the wind dying down, but still blowing fresh from the direction of Guam. Third Assistant Engineer Mackey pointed to several sand sharks following the drifting boat, two small ones and a large one. Bosun Mike Sutse tried to catch a shark with the boathook, but couldn't. Then he rigged a bent spike on a heaving line and tried fishing, with a white rag for bait. The sharks were too wise to be caught. They just hung off the length of the boathook. Two pilot fish kept close to the side of the big shark. He certainly was a monster. We saw a school of flying fish near. The seas continued to run high, and it was not until late afternoon that we could remove the sea anchor and try to proceed in the direction of Guam. We tried again to use the sail, but found that it was impossible to tack into the wind. We experienced the

same condition as before, the turning of the boat in a circle. We then decided to give up the idea of using the sail, and proceeded to put two men on each oar in a desperate effort to reach Guam. The rest of the afternoon and fourth night was spent at this heavy labor. All hands took their turn at the oars, and it seemed that one would have only a few minutes' rest until it was again time to take his thirty-minute trick at the oars. The boat was so heavy and cumbersome that during the night progress was painfully slow.

By this time the thirty-two of us adrift had gravitated into groups that maintained fixed places in the lifeboat. Sparks, Third Engineer Mackey, the sailor Ole, the big Russian Linns, messman Metcalf, and I held the bow, with its cockpit, and any outsider trying to get into our province was kicked out. First Mate Waywood, Lieutenant Holmes, Chief Engineer Howell, and Bosun Sutse were in the stern, and nobody could steal a seat there. 'Midships the seat was held by the Filipinos. In the seat forward of them was George the Greek, with four or five men; in the seat to the rear were messmen and coal passers, mostly boys. There was endless fighting among the Fili-

pinos, and George the Greek took a poke at the Googoos, quite indiscriminately, whenever trouble began. Mackey, the mate, and the chief engineer would stop it by coming up with a piece of oar or a hatchet. There was not room in the boat for all the men to stretch out and sleep, and some of the fellows were obliged to snatch a wink sitting up. In good weather two men could sleep on the bow and two on the stern outside the high bulwarks that ran around the boat to protect it from the seas, not bad places, except during high seas, when the water came over both fore and aft. Then the four men who slept up there had to come down and fight for places in the boat. We eased conditions finally by lashing oars across the top of the boat and covering them with the canvas sail. That gave hammock space for a number of the men.

On the morning of the fourth day we were all exhausted from our long labor at rowing and the lack of sufficient food and water. Holmes, seeing the condition of every man, decided to call a stop to the rowing, for we were no more than holding our own against the fresh wind. He ordered the sea anchor out and water and sea biscuit passed around.

While Chief Engineer Howell and Mackey were giving each man his small dole of water and biscuit, the old sailor Jennings, who was so devoted to his son, asked permission of the lieutenant to make an outrigger centerboard, which he said would enable us to tack against the wind. Jennings described what he had in mind when permission was given. His plan was to lash three oars across the top of the boat and fasten two wooden gratings to them in an upright position, putting one half of the grating in the water, lengthwise with the boat, and making two more oars fast to the bottom of the grating to serve as an angle brace.

It was decided that Jennings could have as many men as would be needed to put his outrigger into effect, all hands hopeful of the result of his labor, in attempting to sail the boat in the wind. The morning passed before Jennings was ready to try out his outrigger centerboard. He was as gleeful as a schoolboy when he saw the boat sail into the wind, but his joy soon changed to sorrow, for after an hour's successful sailing the pressure of the water on the gratings forced the nails out of the wood, and the whole thing collapsed. The parts that were lashed to the oars were pulled

aboard, the sail let down, and the oars again ordered out to labor once more toward that mythical island of Guam.

As we rowed the sun beat upon us, causing a great thirst and the men to call out for water. Holmes ordered Waywood the mate to sound our tanks with a splinter from an oar. To do this we had to remove the metal bands around the tanks and take them from under the thwarts. When we had placed the tanks in the bottom of the boat, the mate sounded the tanks, removing the metal cap at the top of the tank. As he held up the piece of wood to note the watermark on it, the crew crowded about him, hoping that a favorable sounding would give them a good drink of water. We were dismayed when Waywood reported only two inches in the tank we were using. This meant that we had about one and a half gallons of water in the tank. He then proceeded to sound the other tank that we had not touched. We all thought that it would be almost full. Again we were disappointed and discouraged, for Waywood reported only four inches of water. At the most we had only four and a half gallons of water for thirty-two men. Everyone realized that we

were in desperate need of getting to Guam. The lack of water did not stop some of the men from asking for it, and Graveyard Shaw made himself a nuisance in his constant demand for water. Mackey silenced him for a short time by tossing a cup of salt water in his face.

Bosun Sutse discovered a leak in the tank that should have been full. It probably had been dropping slowly since it had been filled by the mate on the *Dumaru*. So Holmes ordered that the water be poured into our one tight tank. The mate did this, keeping a watchful eye on the unruly members of the crew as he transferred the water. It was hot, and the work made us more and more thirsty. Sparks, Jennings, Mackey, and I jumped overboard to cool ourselves. Olson and Howell drank a little salt water. I swallowed a mouthful as I ducked myself. It is cool going down, but after it is down it makes you thirstier than ever, and you want to try it again. First Mate Waywood advised us to lay off the salt water and suck a button off our clothes instead. Sailor Ferriter had volunteered the information that sucking a button keeps your mouth moist.

At noon two young ordinary seamen, Bolin and

Sampson, were exhausted from their labor at the oars and from the heat of the tropical sun. As they fell off the thwarts into the bottom of the boat, Holmes, thinking they were making a play for a drink of water, ordered a pail of salt water thrown over them. When they did not respond to the water he ordered a stop and a small drink of fresh water to all hands. As it was being passed around George the Greek stood up and gave what he called a "speech," addressing Holmes, Chief Engineer Howell, and First Mate Waywood, in broken English. He said that he was speaking for the majority of the men in the boat, and that it was his opinion that Lieutenant Holmes was not capable of handling the boat, for, he said, Holmes had made a number of grievous mistakes, one of which was the stop on the first night when we should have sailed right on; even if we did hit the reef about the island. He also said that the water was not being rationed out when needed the most. George wanted three things—the water at noon, the mate to handle the boat, and a vote to be taken among the crew to decide any vital steps that would be necessary in the future. As he finished speaking, he sat down and gazed in-

tently at Holmes and waited his answer. Holmes stood up and addressed the whole crew, ignoring George by looking over him, and said, "I am sorry if you men think I have not been capable of handling this boat. I have tried every possible way to get the boat into Guam, and I stopped on the first night, not because I was afraid to carry on, but to save your lives." He continued speaking, saying, "If the majority of the men desire the mate to handle the boat, let a vote be taken by raising your arms, if you favor the mate." All raised their arms excepting Chief Engineer Howell and the mate. I too voted for the mate, because I thought this lieutenant too young to stand the gaff. Holmes sat down, turned to the mate, and said, "Mr. Waywood, you handle the boat. From now on you are in command."

Waywood, with his German accent and his cool, mocking way, spoke to the crew without leaving his seat at the stern of the boat. He directed most of his conversation to George the Greek, but in such a manner as to make it a general one. He said, "I take the boat, not because you fellows want me to, for I don't care a damn for any of you. I take it because it's my boat and my place

to handle it. I want it understood that when I give an order I want it carried out, and if you think that I can sail into Guam or any other island you are mistaken. As for our position, I don't know where we are, and I can only carry on as we did before, just trusting to luck in making Guam or any of the other islands near here. I think that we are farther away from Guam since the storm than what you men think we are, for the wind and strong current during the three days with the sea anchor out has put many a mile between Guam and this boat. I believe that our best chance of help will be in getting picked up by the *Piscatiawa,* the small cruiser at Guam, or by some Japanese fishermen from the Caroline Islands."

The men gaped at each other for several moments after hearing the mate's words, and started bending their backs to the oars again when he gave the order. As night came on, the wind increased, and I could see that we were just about holding our own against it. We lit the lantern and two friction flares and kept eight men at the oars all night.

CHAPTER IX

WE GIVE UP HOPE

ON THE fifth day in the boat came what I should call the psychologic turn. We had to face the hard facts of our situation without fooling ourselves any more. We had been working to keep our position on the sea, five days of getting nowhere. We had been hoping and hoping, but now our hopeful expectations were running faint. As the morning passed, without the sight of sail or the smoke of a steamer, most of us knew that we could expect no aid from Guam, and as the wind still held off Guam we realized that we could never sail back to that island in a Lundin lifeboat.

As Holmes and First Mate Waywood were both navigators, numerous questions were put to them. Some of the men wanted to know if we could make the Caroline Islands by sailing before the wind, assuming that the wind held in the same quarter as it had for the past four days. Others

wanted to know if we would have water enough to take us to the Philippines and if there were many ships on that route. Holmes, always young and believing in the best, thought we could make the Caroline Islands. Waywood, old seaman and cool realist, said in his slow, stolid way he thought that we would pass about one hundred miles off the Caroline Islands. The best he could offer was this: if we had any luck in running into rain squalls we might reach some island in the Philippine group. There was also a chance of getting picked up by some steamer, he said. If we were not lucky, God help us.

After debating the problem of going before the wind in the general direction of the Philippines, or staying in our present position somewhere in the vicinity of Guam, it was decided to put the subject to a vote, hoping thereby to stop any future arguments. The vote was taken, and the general weakness of the crew must have caused the men to vote in favor of going before the wind, for they no doubt feared more the rowing and hard work if they stayed around where we then were, near Guam.

It was along about midday when we turned

around, hoisted the sail, and commenced our thirteen-hundred-mile voyage. We all knew, too, that there would be only water for eight or nine days at most. Everyone thought, when we started to go before the wind, that we would be picked up before we ran short of water.

It was a great relief to be free from the labor of the oars, and soon after having our small drink of water and one sea biscuit we all stretched out in the bottom of the boat, on the thwarts, and in the small space outside the boat on the bow and stern, letting the warm sun beat down upon us, some moving out of the sun to the shade of the sail, or taking an enamel cup and soaking his body with sea water as the rays of the sun became too intense to bear.

While resting at the bow of the boat beside Ole Heikland, I soon saw that sailing before the wind was indeed a pleasure in comparison with our long drill at the oars. The boat was even leaning over on her side now, and apparently making good time. Even with the gnawing in my stomach and the parched condition of my throat, through lack of enough water and food, a comfortable feeling came over me, and I slept. It was the first

real sleep I had enjoyed since being in the boat.

Nor did I feel like leaving my comfortable position when awakened by a shout from Bosun Sutse about four o'clock the same afternoon. No doubt all the men were in the same mood as myself and did not stir as the bosun shouted, but he insisted on arousing us, and kept shouting and calling to us by name. So we all sat up, and he then told us that there was a ship in the distance. The bosun had been sleeping, too, for we were within a few miles of the ship before he had awakened and seen it.

We were all half crazy with momentary delight, but with a deepening suspicion and mockery of disappointment, the more we looked the harder it was to tell that what we saw was actually a ship. It was at least part of a ship, that hulk out there. As we got closer, for we were bearing directly on it, I could see that it was part of the hull of a steamer, bottom side up. It was floating with the stern high in the air, the two bronze propellers could be seen flashing in the sun, and, as we sailed up still closer, we got into large pieces of the ship that were floating near the hull and other bits of wreckage. We recognized it as the *Dumaru*.

There were curses, hearty and deep, on that ill-omened hulk, on that ill-omened name, an ironical substitute for what we supposed was a ship coming to rescue us. Then, as we saw numerous boxes bobbing here and there about the ship, the thought of food and tinned milk caused our hearts to gain a beat as we anticipated a hearty meal.

The mate ordered the sail down, and we proceeded cautiously with the oars, for the sea was quite high, and there was danger of us crashing on one of the large pieces of wreckage. As we got farther into the wreckage, hundreds of boxes were floating, rising up and down on the seas, and we found it quite hard to hook and pull the boxes to the boat with a pike pole. When we did manage to get a box to the boat we found that it was an empty gasoline case that had covered a five-gallon gasoline container.

We continued to row among the boxes and other wreckage, shoving at the boxes with the boathook and oars to make them turn end over and to find out if there was any food in them. We must have spent an hour's time in trying to locate food in the boxes, but they were all gasoline cases. We could have picked up any amount of the wooden boxes,

but never guessed that the time was coming when we would need fuel, wood, our very lives depending on it. Discouraged, for it was getting dark, we directed our attention to the floating hull, thinking that there might be some way of getting into some of the storerooms, which we knew were located aft.

Rowing about the hull, keeping a safe distance in fear of being tossed against it, we looked for some projecting bolt to fasten on; not finding anything of the sort, we decided to wait until morning, for the wind was increasing, making it dangerous to stay among all the wreckage, and hard to maneuver about the hull in the gathering darkness.

Rowing away from the wreckage until the mate declared we were a safe distance away from it, we stopped and put out the sea anchor, hoping that we could hold our position until morning.

A school of dolphins circled the boat at 7:30 P. M. and stayed around us all night, as the rowing continued. No sign of sharks. Saw several schools of flying fish during the day. The wind increased at nightfall. We put a lantern on the mast to attract flying fish, or steamers, if any should pass through the night.

WE CONTINUED TO ROW AMONG THE BOXES AND OTHER WRECKAGE

When darkness came upon us the wind increased to a light gale. Someone inquired of Holmes the reason for the daily increase in wind from the hours of 5:00 P. M. to daylight. He said it was characteristic of the periodic winds in that part of the Pacific to increase after sundown and to come to an almost calm from noon to two in the afternoon. He also said that the wind would hold for six weeks in a general direction in which it had been blowing. This I thought was something in our favor, for we might make the Philippines if we didn't get picked up.

During the night the problem of getting into the floating hull was taken up. Numerous suggestions were made by the crew, but none that could be put into effect in the morning. The bosun wanted to climb up on the hull from the forward end of it, the part sloping down to the water, and then chop an entrance through the hull with our two hatchets. This sounded reasonable enough until we thought of the thickness of planking of the ship, which was about eighteen inches, and the suggestion was passed over. Our cheap, dull hatchets could never cut through anything like that. The conversation carried on for several hours.

Some were for leaving the vicinity of the wreck, taking advantage of the strong wind and proceeding on our way to the Caroline or Philippine Islands. The older men, with more experience of the sea, wanted to stay about the hull, saying that we would have a better chance of being seen, because the hull could surely be sighted by the lookout of a passing ship far easier than our small lifeboat. The conversation ended abruptly, for the mate heard the thumping of the wreckage against the hull of the *Dumaru*. We had drifted near to the wreck again. Waywood shouted for all hands to get the sea anchor in and the sail set, adding as we set to work, "Let's get out of here quick, before we all go to the bottom."

I hurried about helping set the sail, peering into the darkness, expecting to see the hull sailing down upon us before the high wind. Nothing happened from the direction of the thumping and grinding wreckage, but we near capsized as the wind caught our sail, throwing all hands over to the low side of the boat as she keeled over on her side. The mate then ordered the sail reefed when we began to ship water. This was quickly carried out by Big Karl, Ole, and the bosun.

Sailing before the stiff wind under reefed sails with spray breaking over the boat, we soon ended the discussion of staying around the hulk and of entering the *Dumaru's* hull. By a mutual agreement of all hands we unanimously decided to get as far away from it as possible, having gained nothing by seeing it, not even a can of milk, and having lost about four hours of good wind in maneuvering about it.

We didn't know it, but if we had stayed right there near the wreck we'd have been picked up within a week. We had little rest during the night, the high wind and sea keeping us always on the alert and in fear of capsizing. The mate called upon us time and again to clamber up on the high side of the boat, as the wind pressure on the reefed sail put the boat over on her side, and at times we shipped considerable water. The seaworthiness of the boat was remarkable. We talked of it constantly as we stirred about her. The warm morning sun of the sixth day since the wreck put life in our dirty, salt-encrusted, fatigued bodies. We stretched out, absorbing the warmth from the sun, cinching our belts over our decreasing bodies.

The self-bailing tubes in the boat were a topic

of interest to us. We talked and wondered about the amount of water that had come into and left the boat on the night before without the labor of man in removing it. To describe the self-bailing tube in the boat, it is necessary to know the construction of the Lundin boat, for, unlike any other regulation lifeboat, it has its air tanks built as part of the boat; much like the water ballast tanks of a steamer. The whole deck that we walked formed the top of the air tanks, which were divided into three compartments, each independent of the others and having one manhole each, with covers. The buoyancy of the boat, owing to the air space, kept its bottom above the sea level. The tubes went through these tanks to the sea, each tube having a valve in it to keep the water from jumping into the boat when it smacked down on the sea. As the boat raised and fell, the bailing tubes gave out a hissing sound, something like a gasoline engine carburetor in operation. Water coming into the boat quickly went out the tubes, the deck being above the sea level. Seaweed at times got into those tubes, cocking the valves and letting some water into the boat. Then, of course, we had to clear the valves.

On several occasions small squid the size of one's fingers and other small surface fish of a like species were washed into the boat. At one's touch these indigo-colored fish broke and put out an inky fluid, leaving only the ugly head and blue skin with queer little arms attached to it. Graveyard Shaw, always on the lookout for something to put in his cavernous mouth to stay the aches in his stomach caused by his long fast, found that by washing these squids he could eat them without causing any internal disturbance. To the disgust of the white members of the crew, this squid-eating practice spread to the Filipinos. But all of us, shortly, were going to eat worse than squid. There was keen competition during the morning between Shaw and Francisco Benedicto, the keenest and most vigorous of the Filipinos, to secure space near the forward tube. Shaw had cocked the valve with a splinter, trusting that he would have all the luck should a small squid be washed up the tube into the boat. Both were without luck, for the mate, weary of seeing them gaze at the tube, thrust the two plunger pumps into their hands and ordered them to wash down the boat. All hands pulled their feet up on the thwarts

while the washing was going on. Some removed their clothes as the water came into the boat from the pumps and the pail, and enjoyed their first bath in the warm water. Shaw muttered about the man he had killed and swore again, as he pulled the plunger up and down in the barrel of the pump, that he was no white man's slave.

This was the seventh day, and with the sail spread we were blown along by the trade wind. We looked like scarecrows, with our clothes crusted with white salt and our bodies burned by the sun and chafed by the salt water of the sea. We had beards of all colors and descriptions.

The mate had a great bush of fiery red. Chief Engineer Howell, too, had a red beard, but of moderate size. Burnt-out Olson had his jaws matted with red. Mackey's was blond. Lieutenant Holmes grew a sparse, silky black beard. He was not naturally a hairy man. I had only half a beard. It grew on only the left side of my face. The right side, half eaten by the burn and by the inflammation of sea water, was raw and hairless. I had a long half of a beard, one-sided, left-handed. I had my spectacles on, the near-sighted man who cannot get along without his glasses. The

others said I looked like a comic caricature. Big Karl developed a huge goatee. It seemed that all the hair on his face grew on his chin. The beard that caught your eye the most was that of George the Greek. It was huge and black and bristling, villainous and piratical.

I can look back now, and I can see that big lifeboat on the blank sea with a blank sky above, only the sun beating down. The sail is set. The men are sprawled about, on seats on the bottom of the boat. We are still hopeful, always expecting to be picked up. Sharks were following us the length of the boathook away. Sometimes a man would let himself down over the side and dip his body in sea water to cool himself, while the others were ready to poke at the sharks if they ventured too near.

CHAPTER X

THE THIRTEENTH DAY—THE MADNESS AND DEATH OF GRAVEYARD SHAW

DURING those days from the seventh to the thirteenth we were hopeful of being picked up by steamer or fishing boats from the Caroline Islands. We kept a double watch, always searching the horizon for smoke or a sail.

The wind holds strong and steady from the northeast. We have given up watches at the steering oar. We see that it is useless to try to put the boat out of the wind's eye, and we are not exact about the Philippines, anyway, save that if the wind holds its position we will eventually land on them somewhere, since they stretch out two thousand miles across our path. Whether any one of us will be alive when we land, nobody can tell. I have great confidence in Mate Waywood.

He is a born seaman, and he repeated time and again to-day:

"Our boat will reach the Philippine Islands. Maybe I won't see them, and if I don't no one will. Just the same, this boat is going there. The northeast monsoon will carry it."

He sits in the stern of the boat all day and part of the night, watching the compass to detect any change in the wind. He looks like Robinson Crusoe, with his peaked canvas cap and cape, and his red sea boots match well with his red whiskers, which have grown long.

Lieutenant Holmes, Chief Engineer Howell, and Bosun Sutse all sit aft near the mate, and they are always arguing over what happens during the day. Usually they are all against the mate. It is Olson and the mate against Holmes and Howell. This morning the argument began over the Caroline Islands. Holmes said that with the present wind we should see the Caroline Islands in four days. The mate said that if the wind kept as it had been we should pass the Caroline Islands by three hundred miles. As there is no chart aboard, there was no way of deciding the question, and the argument continued. Olson wanted to know who was

navigating the boat, First Mate Waywood or Lieutenant Holmes? There was a long discussion over this point, and then all the officers were called aft to decide who was in command. It was finally agreed that the mate was in charge of the sailing of the boat, Holmes and Howell of the water and the biscuits. Mackey, Sparks, and I were to see that the boat was kept clean, and to end fights over life preservers and places to sleep. Olson, who was sick, undertook to stand a one-hour watch at night.

The weather was much the same, each day ending as the one before, one could almost set the time when there would be a change in the wind. The lull and the highest wind came at the same hours each day. These were the days we educated ourselves in conserving our strength. We found that there was a correct time to work and rest. Early morning was the time to perform the duties of the boat, such as cleaning up the boat, and the rest of the day to keep out of the hot sun, and to keep our bodies well soaked with salt water, also to stay in the shade of the sail when the sun was most intense.

These were anxious days, days of mental strain and worry, of careful measurement of the water

in the container, and of close calculation as to how long it would last, and of wondering whether we would be picked up before it was entirely gone. I can truthfully say that the mental agony of expecting the water to give out was greater than the physical agony that we suffered after it did give out, on the fourteenth day. Each succeeding day brought a small drink of water, then more discomfort to be suffered for the following twenty-four hours until the short sweet liquid would again be rationed to us, always at noon by the mate's watch, which had been given to him by the Mayor of Astoria, Oregon, as a reward for killing a man.

We suffered from salt-water boils. I was getting them, and the right side of my face, where I had been burned, was in dreadful shape. Lieutenant Holmes was getting an ulcer on his throat, and was weakening in body and spirit. He spoke of his wife, who was waiting for him at Manila. She was expecting a child.

Quite some time had gone by now since we had sounded our water tanks and determined the small amount of water on hand. On the tenth day the chief engineer suggested that we examine the air

tanks, or double bottom of the boat. To gain entrance to the air compartments you must remove the two nuts from the studs that secure the manhole covers. We had no wrench, but by patiently pounding the nuts with the hammer end of a hatchet we finally loosened them so that we could remove them the rest of the way with our fingers.

The chief engineer, being a small man, volunteered to try and get down through one of the manholes. He removed all of his clothes, and then, when he stepped down and stood on the floor of the air compartment, he went out of sight up to his waist. Sliding on down, he squeezed into the space and shouted up to us all to get to one side of the boat so that whatever water there was might run to one side and make it easier to dip up with a flat tobacco can.

After collecting some of the water, he passed it up to the mate, who looked at it dubiously and handed it back to the chief, who tasted it and declared it fresh. He said it seemed to have a strong taste of turpentine. I looked into the cup and noticed that it was heavily saturated with particles of red lead. In all we gathered from that compartment only two cups of water. It was impossible

to get any more, for the sides had a heavy coating of soft red lead, and the cigarette tin would scoop off part of this.

After the chief came up from the air tanks we strained the water through canvas and then rationed it out to those who asked for it. I tried to drink it, but somehow could not keep it down. A number of the others swallowed it but threw it right up again. Some seemed to like it so much that they made entrance into the other two compartments where they collected a little more water. Evidently it was tank-testing water that had been poured in at the shipyard when they were seeing whether the tanks were watertight. After the test not all of the liquid had been removed. It was an unlucky day when we got the idea of investigating those air compartments at all for every man who drank any of that water later became sick and died. Probably the early deaths, the ones that occurred between the thirteenth and seventeenth days, were caused partly by the red-lead water.

As the days passed, the ration of water getting smaller, we conserved it, our plan being to give out only enough to preserve life, until the water

issued at noon was not more than four ounces a day, and from the eleventh day on we began to suffer greatly from the lack of it. Big Karl Linns said that all this was nothing to what he had gone through, and he told awful lies about the hardships he had endured, including the ninety days in an open boat off the coast of Chile.

When we reached that stage where the tongue was dry and the lips cracked and the mouth irritated from repeated rinsings from salt water to cool the mouth and throat, we began to have more trouble with some of the members of the crew, who tried to raid the water container when their suffering urged them toward that one relief, fresh water.

Mackey, Sparks, and I got to talking about the possibility of removing some of the salt from the sea water by allowing the water to drip slowly through charcoal and cork. We decided to make a long leg or stocking with canvas and fill it with charcoal and cork from life preservers and then slowly allow the water to seep through the stuffed canvas stocking. Ole removed the canvas from a life preserver, cut and sewed it into a three-foot leg. We filled it with the cork and charcoal. Next

we put a piece of marlin through the sock and tied it to the mast. Directly under the tip we placed one of our cups and then started pouring water in at the top. We all waited patiently for it to seep through, and in time we had the cup filled with black liquid. It didn't look inviting, and as thirsty as we were, we hesitated even to taste it. Mackey was the first to try it. He filled his mouth, but quickly and sputteringly ejected it through his cracked, swollen lips. Even after passing through the charcoal and cork, it was still the same bitter salt water.

Lieutenant Holmes had another idea, even wilder than Mackey's. His scheme was to try and collect moisture through the compass glass. The lieutenant in all of his statements was always strong on theory. His scheme for water was this: He figured he might collect considerable by having different temperatures on both sides of our compass glass. No one argued with him. We figured that if he wanted to amuse himself it was O. K. I was at the opposite end of the boat when he began to tinker with the rim around the compass glass. I don't know how he got it off, but I do know that his only tool was a pocketknife.

After removing the glass he placed it over one of the cups which he had filled with sea water. He held the glass at an angle so as to get the sun's direct rays. After a few minutes he joyously shouted:

"Look, fellows. What did I tell you? You can collect water this way, and we'll all be saved."

He held up the glass and showed that he had several drops of moisture. These he licked off with his tongue. The mate all the while had been watching him with scornful indifference, and now he spoke up:

"Mr. Holmes, you think we are going to make cats of ourselves by licking that glass? And how long do you think it would take to give all of the men in this boat a drink of water at that rate?"

Holmes did not answer, but continued to play with the glass. After a while he grew weary of it and put it back. Then he started talking of the alcohol in the compass and of how nice it would be to drink it. The afternoon was hot, and old August Waywood, growing more and more irritable, turned on Holmes with a snarl and said:

"Say, youngster, don't put any more fool ideas in any of these chaps' heads."

When the sun became too hot I went to the bow to see if I couldn't claim half of Ole's oilskin coat for shade. When I looked over the coaming forward I saw Ole and the big Russian, Linns, sitting on the sea anchor and cutting up a flying fish. When Linns saw me he quickly covered the fish with his coat. I asked him where he had caught it. He put his finger to his lips and motioned me to come into the cockpit. I managed to squeeze in with them, and Ole told me excitedly how he had caught the flying fish. No one had seen him but Linns, and they were about to divide it between them, as it would not have been enough to go around if divided among thirty-two men. I managed to get Sparks's eye without attracting attention. He came forward, and Linns divided the fish in four equal parts, and we ate it slowly, as it was very fresh. This little fish was not much for four men, but it helped to slake our terrible thirst and hunger and gave us some strength.

George the Greek, the firemen, and most of the Filipinos were the disturbing element in the boat. Graveyard Shaw, though not actually violent, did more toward making us irritable and miserable than any of the real disturbers. With his bitter,

sarcastic, complaining tongue he laid out each of the officers or any member of the crew he took a dislike to. Day and night this colored man raved on, complaining and criticizing everything that was done to make comfort or save life. And always that crazy, monotonous chatter about the man he killed, and the endless refrain, "I'm no white man's slave." In time he worked himself to such a state that we all despised him and hated him, for he made no attempt to keep himself clean or take the ordinary precautions to save his own life. By the eleventh day he was on his back in the sun, shouting, "Water, water! Give me water." He would keep that up hour after hour, and, when he did not get the desired water, he would turn and curse the chief engineer and mate until someone would kick him silent. He went partly insane on the night of the eleventh day, and his ravings on the twelfth day were almost too much to stand. He was going to kill us all, for he was no white man's slave. We could do nothing to quiet him. He would sit up at times, gaze intently at the horizon, and pray long and loud, asking God to send a ship to save him, then break out singing, in a monotonous tune, mission hymns.

He would pray and sing by the hour, and when help did not come at the finish of his long prayers and his songs he would denounce God and start cursing again all those about him and shout that "religion was all bunk" and what fools people were to give their good money to churches.

When his throat became so dry that his endless profanity ceased to come forth, he would gulp down salt water until he could again start talking. On the morning of the thirteenth day he became silent. He died that afternoon, a terrible sight, his swollen tongue extended through lips that were cracked, the skin of his face drawn like a mummy.

When he was pronounced dead the mate shouted, "Throw him overboard, clean up the boat, it's the thirteenth day, and with that thing in the boat we can't have any luck." Strange, but it had to happen, the first death, on the thirteenth day in the boat.

Shaw splashed into the sea, rolled over the side by the bosun and big Karl Linns. The boat was washed clean when the bailing pump pumped sea water from the self-bailing tubes. The sail was not lowered when Shaw's body left the boat. It

was not a funeral at sea: it was tossing away an undesirable object.

Sharks had been following us on and off. When Shaw's body went down we saw sharks' fins disappear from the surface of the sea, and we knew the reason why. Thereafter the sharks followed us more closely.

The boat clean and the life preservers drying in the sun, the chief engineer and Lieutenant Holmes issued the small drink of water, and, as before, the hard sea biscuit. We could not eat the biscuit, it was hard and dry, it could not be swallowed. Some of the men were listless with head on chest, they let the biscuit lie on the thwart beside them.

That thirteenth day, which began with the death of Graveyard Shaw, seemed to mark the turning point where things, which had been getting worse all the time, took a swift downward turn and a steep downward course. The nightmare days began in earnest. Shaw's death no doubt caused some of the men to give up hope, for early in the afternoon of the thirteenth day they started to drinking salt water, when the hot sun caused an irresistible

thirst. Young Balin, a youth of eighteen years, and Olson, the second engineer, both emaciated and showing the effect of the thirteen-day struggle, drank the salt water in large quantities. It seemed that when this practice started it was impossible for the individual to stop it.

Balin was a slight boy, undersized, undernourished. He was one of those pale, decadent boys of whom we used to say that they smoked cigarettes when half grown and therefore were no good physically. Yet he was brave while he was dying. He would not give in and show weakness. He did not complain. We called him "Compy," short for Commodore, because of the yachting cap he always wore.

By late afternoon of the same day both the boyish Balin and burnt-out Olson were in pitiful state. Like Shaw, they were lying in the bottom of the boat, mumbling, sobbing, and sometimes singing, and when night came on they fell to outright raving.

The luck the mate expected after the thirteenth did not come, but instead our misfortune increased when our fresh water gave out entirely on the

fourteenth day, and on the same day came the end of young Balin and Olson. We did not expect the death of these men quite so soon. It brought anxiety and depression on us all. We threw them into the sea, after a kind of funeral, during which somebody said some prayers.

Sharks followed the boat, not more than an oar's length away from it. When the bodies slid into the water the sharks would disappear, but later would return with an increase in number to worry and depress us again, a grim reminder of what might be our fate. The water entirely gone, it looked to be only a matter of a few days now before we would follow in the steps of the three who had died.

Chief Engineer Howell came forward to where I was sitting. He sat down beside me, saying as he did so, "Well, *First,* it can't last much longer now. It won't be so hard for us to die, for we have seen the world, but it will be hard on young Sparks." He was looking at Sparks as he spoke. He turned abruptly away from me and began to carve in the oaken strip that extended around the boat a history of the wreck of the *Dumaru,* giving the date of the explosion, number of days in the

lifeboat, his name and address in San Francisco, and the number of men who had been in the boat.

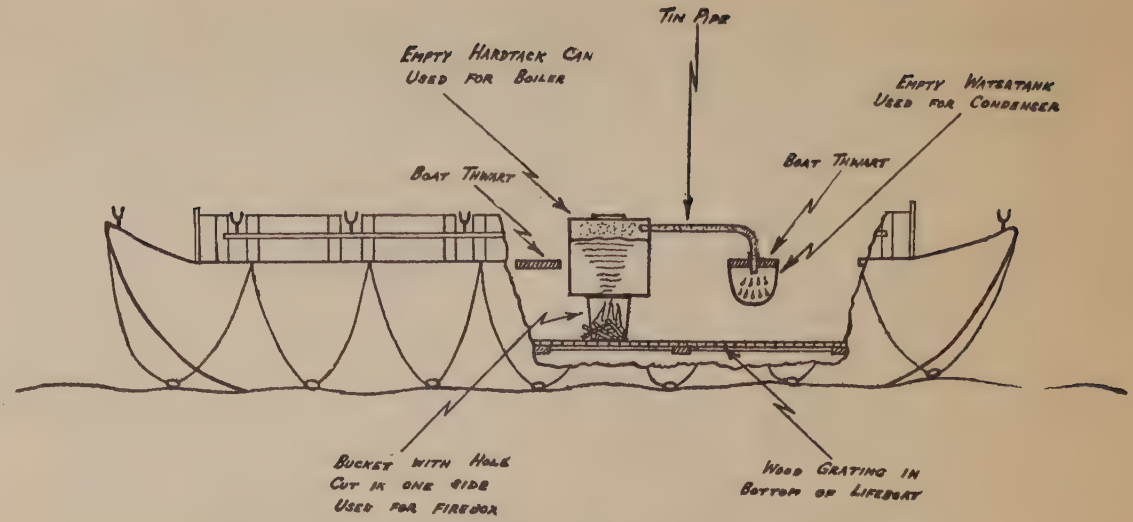
While the chief was at work carving, myself, with Mackey, the third engineer, and Lieutenant Holmes, talked of the possibility of making an evaporator to boil the sea water into vapor and condense it into water fit to drink. We hoped that this thought might be put into actual operation by the use of the biscuit container (the boiler), the water tank (the condenser), and the plunger pump barrel—the vapor pipe to lead from the boiler to the condenser. The water pail with the front cut out was to be the furnace, where we hoped to burn wood, shoes, clothing, or any other fuel.

With only two hatchets and the heavy sailor knives, the work before us seemed quite impossible, but when Mackey went ahead with a deadly determination to put the evaporator into effect we had to admire and help him. We urged him on with the thought that the labor might not be in vain and might, after all, be the means of saving our lives, and then we ourselves tackled the task at hand with a vigor unbelievable in our wasted bodies.

The most difficult operation of assembling the evaporator was the cutting of the round holes in the sheet-iron biscuit container and the water tank in which the pump barrel had to be fitted and made vapor-tight.

After hours of painful labor we cut a hole not quite circular, or what could be called a driving fit, but when the pipe or pump barrel was wrapped with canvas from the life preservers and tied with twine it later proved to be almost vapor-tight.

While assembling the evaporator on the morning of the fifteenth day young Hetinger, an ordinary seaman of nineteen years, became violent and retarded the work we were about. He like the other deceased men had gone partly out of his mind during the night, and when the hot sun beat down on him during the day he lost his mind entirely. While we were working about the boat he went around asking a number of the men to remove a nail that he said was in his head. At first I thought that in some manner he had picked up a nail from the broken gratings that were lying in the boat, but an examination showed that his head was free of nails. Soon after that incident he became violent. The mate tied his hands and feet to keep him from



SIDE VIEW OF LIFEBOAT WITH SECTION CUT AWAY TO SHOW IMPROVISED EVAPORATOR

The crude condenser which provided a few pints of fresh water for the men dying of thirst. The diagram was drawn by "Sparks," the boy wireless operator.

injuring himself and the others in the boat. He lay there raving and moaning and tied down like an animal.

Later in the day the evaporator was assembled and lashed to the mast with cork pieces between the water-pail furnace and the mast to prevent the mast from burning and to keep the evaporator from falling down when the boat rolled and rose on he seas.

A fire was started in the water pail, we used one of the six remaining matches and part of our small stock of kerosene, our lantern that we kept burning each night had used considerable of the original gallon.

We kept the fire burning during the night of the fifteenth day, each able man taking his turn at feeding the small pieces of wood, cork, and canvas into the water pail, stopping at times to replace the small amount of sea water we had placed in the biscuit can boiler. It worked. We distilled fresh water, but scarcely more than drops of it.

We kept drawing off from the water container condenser the little water the evaporator made. We rationed it out, those that were feeding the fire getting a larger share of the water for the

extra exertion they had in making it. The evaporator could not make enough water to give the remaining twenty-nine men a real drink. I don't believe it made a quart for the period it was operated—about twelve hours. We had to stop at the end of that period: we had run short of fuel; we had used all that had been cut up. Before it could be operated again it would be necessary to cut up more gratings and oars.

Hetinger died during the night. We could not make enough water to save him. His clothes we kept for fuel. We put him in the sea in the morning of the sixteenth day. He had a funeral, the sail was dropped, a few prayers were said by those who knew any.

On the sixteenth day we gave up hope of being picked up by any of the native boats that fished out of the Caroline Islands or from the island of Yap. According to the mate's calculation, by dead reckoning, we were now well past the islands, and as we were out of the trade route of any steamer we could not hope to be picked up in any manner at all. Waywood gave us this information, which was like a sentence of doom, in his old cool, hard-hearted way. Our only hope lay in reaching one

of the Philippine Islands. The mate thought that if the wind held in the same direction in which it had been blowing, and if we could crowd the evaporator to make enough water, some of us might live to reach the islands. I could see at that time that only those strongest mentally and physically would get through.

I would be sitting in the cockpit with big Karl and his friend Ole, and Karl would be talking about a black beer they made in Russia and how refreshing it was. Ole would talk about home and mother and about the fresh, clear brook that ran and splashed hard by his home. Then he would say to me:

"How would you like this, an ice-cream soda, vanilla cream and plenty of fizz?"

"Fine," I'd reply.

"Well," he would go on, "suppose you were behind the soda counter jerking drinks for yourself. What would you make?"

And I would name a concoction.

"Shut up," Mackey would growl, "I can't stand that."

Samuelson was always talking about the tea table his wife set. You would take him for a softy,

the sort of chap who'd be the first to flop, but he was a good mariner in the boat, doing more than his share of the work. I think he was held up by his love for his wife and for the tea table she set. He would be saying:

"I wish I was at home having tea with my wife. You ought to see the nice doilies and silver, and what wonderful salads and cinnamon toast she makes."

Ferdette, the ship's carpenter, the silent, mysterious man, told how he once had been wrecked on Christmas Island, and described the tropical fruits, especially the juicy ones, like oranges, pineapples, coconuts, and mangoes.

CHAPTER XI

THE BODY OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER

Soon after the death of Hetinger, Howell, the chief engineer, began to rave. He had showed signs of going the night before. Like the rest, the salt water had got him. He had been drinking it for several days, increasing the amount until he lost all reason. He thought he was on the *Dumaru,* sailing about Manila Bay, a fresh-water barge was near but could not reach the ship. He kept shouting, "Lower that sail! Lower that sail! The water barge is near. Stop the ship, you fools—you are going away from it." He never stopped calling out to us. He cried and implored us to stop. Later, when his strength left him, he fell into a coma. He was a blond, stocky German who always wore a black and white mackinaw.

We cut more wood and put the evaporator to work burning clothes, shoes, and cork, desperate to make more water. More men went insane the

same day. Jennings, the fine old A. B. sailor, started to rave. His son, a strong, fine lad of eighteen, was frantic when he saw his father show signs of leaving us, and he sitting there unable to help him. The father had done everything to save his son from suffering. He protected him till the last. Old Jennings became quite helpless, like the rest, and raved on with the chief engineer, a duet of mad rambling. Soon a third was raving, Pete Wieland, another young seaman, the blond, slender chap who had been the disciple of the I. W. W. Heavy. Wieland was covered with ulcers. His back at both sides of his spine was an open raw area.

The other men who had died showed signs of these ulcers. They were fast spreading it to everybody in the boat. Lieutenant Holmes developed a large one on his neck. Because of the ulcers Wieland could neither sit or lie down. With hands on a thwart he kept himself in a bending position for days. He was a strong young fellow too, and no doubt he would have lasted as long as any man in the boat, but owing to the ulcers he was doomed to die soon. He was the would-be gangster from Portland whom the others called "Christ at the

Winch," because of his long black beard, which he had had even aboard the *Dumaru*. Now, still being tough, he said, "I believe the devil's got me this time."

We stopped the evaporator near midnight of the sixteenth day and drew off what water had collected in the condenser. It was divided equally. We rested until daylight, for we were entirely gone after the long labor of cutting wood and feeding the evaporator.

To see the boat and occupants on the seventeenth day one would say that our chances of living were small. Without water, biscuits gone, men dying, raving, and rebelling, it indeed looked hopeless. On that day I thought it might be the best to take to the salt water and end it all.

The fighting spirit of Mackey, the third engineer, would not die. He roused the same spirit within the men who had been fighting for life. He made himself angry, and made us angry at him, by getting into petty arguments over the work at hand. It had its results: angry at Mackey and each other we fought on, cutting up the oars and wood from the inside of the boat and forcing the other able men to help us.

The men desired to be still and endure their suffering undisturbed. We had to threaten, drive, and beat them. We worked most of the day, relieving each other at times. It was late afternoon when we had to quit. We were again worked out.

I slept for an hour, and during that time the savage giant, George the Greek, gained temporary control of the boat. He removed the hatchets and knives from under the life preserver on which I was sleeping. He gathered the Filipinos and several white members about him and defied us officers to come and take the hatchets and knives. He said that he would run the boat and save all in it. We did not attempt to rush him or wrest his alleged control of the boat away from him. We decided to wait until night and use other means of again gaining control.

The chief engineer died while I was sleeping. Some stories say we killed him, but he died in a coma, after raving for a long time. The Filipinos and the Greek surrounded the body. They were speaking in low whispered voices when I awoke. I could see that the subject of their conversation was the chief engineer's body. Mackey moved to

my side, keeping an eye on George and the Filipinos as he came over and said:

"The Greek is going to try and cook up the chief's body, I heard him spring it on the Filipinos last night. He believes he can save all hands by boiling the body in sea water to make a broth."

George wasn't long in putting the subject before us officers. He didn't request permission to cut up the body and cook it in the biscuit-can boiler: he demanded it. We refused permission and ordered him to join us in operating the evaporator. The Greek went into a rage and shouted:

"That thing won't make enough water to save us. I'm dying now—we're all dying. Cook the chief. I'm going to do it now. We're starving and burning up."

We shook our heads and said, "No." He rushed at me with the hatchet and said:

"Do I do it?"

The mate at the other end of the boat shouted, in his German accent:

"Go ahead, no use of the rest of us to be killed by this man."

Waywood never showed his icy, stony temperament better than then. "What did it matter?" he seemed to say. We had to agree. He was in command, and, besides, what else was there to do? But we hated to see what was about to happen.

The Greek retreated to the center of the boat, where he and several of the Filipinos removed the chief's uniform and other garments. Mackey promptly donned the coat and uniform cap. Warm clothes were in demand; the night was cold.

It was almost sundown when they began to remove what flesh there was on the chief's lean frame. Hardened to suffering and seeing death at its worst, still we were not left entirely without feeling. I was one of the several who had to look away when the Greek removed the head and placed other parts in the biscuit-can boiler. He scoffed at our timidity and called out to us to witness his act, asking us in his broken English if we were chickens or men.

While the Greek and the Filipinos were placing flesh from the body of the chief engineer in the can, Lieutenant Holmes and the mate were debating as to whether this broth, made from salt water, could be used for a food and made drink-

able. Holmes said he thought it would contain too much salt and therefore hasten the death of the weaker men in the boat. The mate replied:

"Well, this thing has been done before, and men have lived to tell of it. It nourished them. They reached land and pulled through. I am for trying it."

Then Holmes said: "I think it would be better to use the flesh as it is. Give it to the men. Let them chew it. It will cause the saliva to come up in their throats and will nourish them."

The lieutenant went ahead and ordered the Greek to place small parts of flesh on the wooden boat bailer that was shaped like a large sugar scoop, and then wash them in the sea. Afterward the wooden bailer was passed around to all. George took it first to Holmes, who was sitting aft, near the mate, by the steering oar. He offered the flesh to Holmes, who took it and ate it, thereby showing the rest of us that he desired us to do likewise.

As darkness settled they lit the lantern to finish the gruesome task. When the flesh had half filled the biscuit-can boiler, it was covered with salt water and a fire started under it, using one of the

few remaining friction flare lights to ignite the fuel we had collected during the day.

The fire in the water pail under the biscuit can, when the clothing and small pieces of wood flared up, lighted up the boat. The Greek and the small wolfish Filipinos squatting about the fire as they waited for the contents of the can to boil, did not make a pleasant sight. Some of the Filipinos placed pieces of flesh against the pail when it became hot. They would not wait to satisfy their hunger from the contents of the can.

Shortly after the fire was lighted the Greek and the Filipinos lost control of the boat. In their eagerness to feed the fire and their absorbing interest in the work they were about, the hatchets were momentarily forgotten. It was the opportunity we were waiting for. The mate and the bosun picked up the hatchets and forced the Filipinos to give up the knives. They gave up without a struggle. They moved peacefully to the center of the boat, where they waited for us to make the next move. We didn't do anything. We ourselves had come around to his way of thinking. We decided to go right on with what the Greek started, for it was mutually agreed among us after

a consultation among all the other white hands that it was the only possible means of saving our lives, and for our comrades it was a fate not much worse than to be eaten by sharks.

The remains of the chief were cast in the sea, and the contents of the can were boiled to a broth and consumed by all hands when it was served in the two enameled cups and wooden bailer. The salt in the sea water in which the flesh was boiled was absorbed by the flesh, leaving the broth free from salt and not unpleasant to taste. The flesh was like tough veal. The cups and bailer were filled and passed to each man until the can was empty. It was both food and drink to us. It put new life in our bodies.

Jennings, Sr., and Pete Wieland were too far gone to benefit by the broth: they could not swallow it. They would die soon, it was evident. The elder Jennings was a sturdy old sailor, but he had been giving part of his water to his son and doing part of his son's share of the work. He had been shielding the boy in every way he could. The younger Jennings was frantic about his father's plight and begged us to help the fine old seaman, but what could we do? Pete Wieland had blazing

ulcers all the way up his spine now. He lay on one side in a coma, his long black beard straggling on the floor of the boat.

The sail drawing from a fair wind, the boat went on before it without the attention of the mate or bosun; the boat steered its own course.

During the night the guard over the pot of human stew lagged for a moment. George the Greek had waited for this opportunity. He stole to the pot and gorged himself with another ghastly meal. Soon he was raving madly, and we saw that he could not last long.

The following day, the eighteenth since the wreck of the *Dumaru,* with most of us strengthened by the broth, was not as horrible as the previous day. But it was not entirely without action. For on the eighteenth we had our first suicide and caught the first fish. Christensen, the little blond steward, the atheist, decided about noon to give up the struggle. He had left the *Dumaru,* the night of the explosion, in his underwear, and the strong sun had blistered his back terribly. An infection had made his shoulders one large sore. He had a blister as big as a balloon on each shoulder. With his suffering both mental and physical, he decided

he could bear it no longer. He was more certain than ever that there was no God. He leaned over the side of the boat and rolled into the sea in full sight of all the occupants. The mate did not lower the sail or make any attempt to save him. He knew, and we all knew, that the steward desired to leave it all, and we let him die in a manner that he chose.

When the little steward went overboard a strap hanging overside got caught on his arm, and he did not sink immediately. We could see him dragging after the boat about two feet below the water. Waywood merely said:

"*Ja,* he ain't sinking very fast. That's funny."

The mate said afterward that the steward dreaded to die in the boat, fearing that his body would be used as was the chief engineer's. The mate chuckled after that statement and added:

"There isn't much choice with all those sharks out there. For my part, I prefer a death in the boat."

Thus Waywood passed the incident from his mind. To him the steward's death seemed to be only one of the many experiences in his life. It was something that happened and should be for-

gotten. There were other important things to attend to.

I hadn't realized before what a cool humorist Waywood was, how much he was the kind of man to see the humorous side of things, even in the greatest adversity. He turned to me and philosophized confidentially.

"What difference does it make? *Ja,* why should he jump overboard? The sharks will get him there. If he stayed with us he would go in the pot. What difference, I say, does it make? And that ruby ring. I don't see why he took that ring along with him. The sharks will get it too. Why didn't he leave the ring behind?"

The mate actually seemed to think that the little atheist of the *Dumaru* should have left his shipmates his body to eat and his ring to wear. But each day was affecting Waywood's mind, just as it was the mind of each of the others. I suppose you would not call any of us normal, at any rate, not after along about the thirteenth day.

Since the dismantling of one of the pumps for use in construction of the evaporator the mate had been improvising a gaff from the ⅜ steel rod that screwed in the plunger. He had fashioned it so

that it looked like a long fish hook of three feet in length and after hours of labor with one of the knives and repeated heatings in the fire he put a tempered barb on the end of it. He finished it on the eighteenth day and turned it over to big Karl Linns to use. Linns being the tallest man in the boat and having the longest arms, and still being strong and vigorous, would be the best man to handle the gaff.

For days dolphin had been about the boat, using it as a means to conceal their presence when seeking the flying fish. They would rush out on unsuspecting schools of them. It seemed that this was their main source of food.

After many unsuccessful lunges in attempting to gaff the wary fish, Linns did finally land one in the boat—one that would weigh about ten pounds. There was great excitement when the fish flopped in the boat. Linns promptly cut it up in small pieces, giving each man an equal share. We ate it raw, for we craved the water that the fish held. Some of the men could not eat it, their stomachs were too weak to hold it down. The Greek was one of them. It was evident that he could not live long.

Wieland had to be tied up. He became extremely violent, and on a number of occasions he cut loose the sail with a razor blade, which he would cunningly conceal when we would search for it. He died on the nineteenth day, a terrible death of suffering.

Poor Pete Wieland's crazy brain told him that we were taking life away from him when we refused to take the sail down for a landing on his visionary island. He became sullen and morose and moaned to himself constantly, "They won't land. They won't land. We will die. We will die . . . die . . . die." He passed away with these words in his mouth.

Jennings, Sr., died peacefully shortly after. They were put in the sea like the rest.

The Greek next became violent, and a Filipino fireman. The Greek first went around and gave away the silver dollars he had. Then he raved. He had some of his great strength left and was dangerous. He cursed and raved at everybody, and we were afraid of him. He tried to get the hatchets and kill us all.

About midnight he got hold of a huge jackknife that we kept in a canvas bag under a thwart. The

AND HE STOOD THERE, AND THEN HE SAGGED AND WAS KNEELING THERE

knife, belonging to Karl, had proved serviceable in cutting up Howell, the fuel kindlings, and the dolphins. George got it, intending a magnificent massacre of his shipmates. He had scarcely made a move, however, before he was jumped on by several of his intended victims. In a moment he was bound to a thwart, eyes blazing with insane fury. It was the first case of dangerous violence we had to deal with.

The Greek's arms were lashed to the mast, and he stood there, and then he sagged and was kneeling there. And kneeling there, with his forearms held up, where they were roped to the mast, he raved on and cursed us all. Among nearly all the others minds were beginning to fail along with bodies. It seemed that we were all about to go, for we were getting weaker and thinner as the days passed. Big Karl Linns was the strongest, seeming more concerned about his friend Ole Heikland than about himself. And when we did all die, he would be the last. He would be left alone.

The Greek died on the twentieth day, after a long struggle, still lashed to the mast, still kneeling with his arms trussed up in front of him. His

ravings died down, and he was quiet. Then on the same day we again ran the evaporator, and Linns was again successful in landing another fish. With less men in the boat we had more water and fish to share.

On the twenty-first day the young messman, the younger of the two Sampson brothers, died. He had been holding out well, and it seemed he would last as long as any man in the boat, because he had been following faithfully the advice of the older men on how to conserve his strength and to keep from drinking salt water. But he could not bear up any longer, and started singing at noon. At six o'clock he was dead. He died a peaceful death. We lost another man the same day—a Filipino, who died shortly after Sampson. Both were put in the sea on the night of the twenty-first day in the boat.

On the twenty-second day in the boat we used what water we had on hand, water we saved from the twentieth day, when we had operated the evaporator. It was not much more than enough to wet one's throat. Other men fell to raving. Big Karl's friend, Ole Heikland, also the Hawaiian sailor whom we called Honolulu Pete, Wood, the

fireman who was an ex-jockey, Ferreter, the fine old seaman who had wanted to save the captain, and a small Filipino who had been partly insane for several days. It was evident that these men would die soon. Metcalf, the lady-killer, had nothing to say about movie actresses now that it was getting to be death time. He didn't want to die at sea, he kept saying over and over. He dreaded the thought of being buried at sea to be eaten by the sharks. He also dreaded the pot. He would have loved to be in a coffin at home. He longed for an undertaker. He had always played the reprobate, but now he was repeating:

"Surely God cannot let us die like this."

CHAPTER XII

HONOLULU PETE, AND THE SUICIDE OF HOLMES

AFTER a night of suffering the twenty-third day broke clear, showing seventeen miserable creatures lying about the boat. Honolulu Pete was on his back in the bottom of the boat, moaning, muttering, his insane mind far away from the boat. Ole Heikland, near him in the same position, was silent, his face white, his eyes noting the movement of each one as we stirred about in the morning sun. I moved to his side to see if he were still sane, fearing that we would lose this good fellow and excellent seaman. I could only whisper when I asked him how he was holding out. He was able to tell me that he thought he could stand the heat of the day if he had a little water. "Just enough to keep my throat moist, for it is burning up."

Big Karl Linns came down into the boat from the bow, in which cramped space he had spent the

night. His face now showed the suffering he had gone through. There were deep lines in those hollow cheeks that were covered with a short beard. He sat on the thwart that held the mast and proceeded to cheer Ole in a manner that only a shipmate could. In a hoarse voice much stronger than the rest of us men, he spoke of the sea birds, telling Ole that earlier in the morning he noted the appearance of the bosun bird and other sea birds, calling each by name, and then continued to tell him that he saw shore birds, large amounts of shore growth, weeds, kelp, and coconut. All this, he said, indicated that we were near land. He went on eagerly, encouraging his friend in words like these:

"Stick it out, Ole, don't give up; to-night we will hit the beach, and then coconuts, water, springs, rivers of water, feasts of wild pig, tropical fruit, and the simple life for Karl and Ole. Never again the sea, only one more voyage, and that to Southwestern Alaska, and there a cabin and boat for salmon and halibut fishing."

As the simple orator continued speaking, Sparks and several other men, including myself, moved over to listen to this talk of water and food. Ole

did not look interested as Karl continued, telling how to make Russian black beer, the ingredients of which were to come from what the natives gave him on the southwestern coast of Alaska. Mackey finally interrupted the big Russian and told him to save his wind and strength and put it to use by operating the hatchet in cutting wood for fuel to use in the evaporator.

Without spirit and suffering from thirst, I moved to the bow and sat down with Mackey. We scanned the horizon long and thoroughly without speaking. I sensed the discouragement within Mackey as I gazed at his serious face, and feeling that I should speak to him said, "Twenty-third day, Mack." When he did not answer I continued speaking:

"Do you think we have passed through the Philippine Group, and into the China Sea without seeing any of the islands?"

His answer was, "I don't think so. It couldn't be. The mate calculates the mileage to be thirteen hundred in a straight course from Guam to the Philippines. I feel that we will see land soon; we must conserve our strength and make another attempt at evaporating sea water."

I agreed with him, and continued our conversation, speaking of removing the oaken strip that extended around the inside of the boat. I thought the labor of removing and cutting the strip of oak would be too much for us and leave us in the condition of Ole Heikland, on our backs. Mackey said:

"Let's see the mate."

We moved aft, where the mate and the bosun were sitting, where we all agreed, after talking over our condition, to make one big effort to cut up the oaken strip, and the remaining thwarts, excepting the one that held the sail forward and one aft. These thwarts I thought should be kept in place for the strength it gave to the metal hull of the lifeboat.

We took stock of the crew and decided that eight men were in condition to work. This number included myself, Mackey, the mate, the bosun, Karl, my oiler Samuelson, Metcalf, and Sparks.

Lieutenant Holmes was counted out, for he wasn't far from Ole's condition. He had a large, fiery ulcer on his throat. The cold-blooded mate went at the young officer and ordered him to work. Holmes just lay there in the bottom of the boat.

Waywood cursed him, and, in a rage, dragged him to his feet, but Holmes flopped back, moaning that he couldn't work. Waywood, faint and almost collapsing from the exertion of raising Holmes, staggered and sat down. It was half an hour before he recovered from his fatigue. We thought it best to work in pairs, relieving each other when the strength left those who were working. Karl Linns started the work aided by Samuelson, who, for a soft kind of man, was standing up well. Karl went at the oaken strip with the hatchet with a vigor that surprised us, but this vigor soon passed. The hatchet bounded back. Karl, panting from his exertion, sat down for several minutes. Rested, he again went on with the labor; this time he had Samuelson hold the large sailor's knife and cut notches about the top of the strip. He then cut long strips from the oaken piece, using both knife and hatchet. The history of the wreck of the *Dumaru* carved on this oaken piece by the chief engineer before he died was soon removed when the long strips piled up in the bottom of the boat.

The mate and the bosun made a great showing of strength, and they worked hard and long in the

hot sun, breaking up the long strips of wood to a size to fit into the water-pail furnace under the evaporator.

The mate, burning in the hot sun, was irritated by Lieutenant Holmes's indifferent manner toward the effort he was making to save our lives and his. Waywood, an icy fish if there ever was one, again tried to force Holmes to his feet and make him pile up wood. It was no use. Poor Holmes, with his ulcerated throat, was too far gone.

Noon found us exhausted. To continue the work was impossible. We decided to wait until the sun went down. The heat was unbearable. Even Mackey, who never gave up, had to seek the shade of the sail. We burned our shoes. Sparks managed to save his. We couldn't manage to get Waywood's boots, either. He wouldn't give them up, but Mackey, when the mate happened to fall off to sleep, managed to cut off the tops of the boots without awakening the sleeper. We fed boot tops to the fire. Later we heard Waywood cursing when he saw part of his boots had disappeared.

A few drops of water rationed out by Mackey gave us strength to pour sea water over each other when the sun became unbearable. We also gave

Ole and the other men, who were too weak to move, relief from the sun by putting wet canvas over their heads.

This was not effective in the case of Antonio Arqui, one of the Filipino firemen, for later in the afternoon we heard queer sounds coming from him as he raved in his Tagalog dialect. We knew he couldn't be long with us.

Toward evening the wind died down, coming in puffs, but not always from the same direction. This caused us to keep swinging the sail from one side of the boat to the other, as the wind changed, in order to keep headway. I was alarmed at this puffing and changing of the wind, for I feared that it would blow in the opposite direction to which it had. The mere idea was enough to set us all raving, which it seemed we were going to do sooner or later, anyway. A reversal of the wind would put us over the course we had gone over and make our deaths utterly certain. The wind, after playing with our boat for several hours, started again to blow from the direction in which it had held so long, and as night closed in on us it blew hard and steady. Shivering as the temperature dropped, we dragged ourselves into groups, covering our-

selves with life preservers, and planned other ways to beat death.

I was lying next to the little ex-jockey Wood. I heard him breathing heavily in long, labored sighs. I said to him:

"What's the matter, Wood?"

"I'm cashing in," he replied.

I was surprised, because, so strong and such a good worker, he had been holding up better than almost any of us.

"What are you talking about?" I told him. "You'll be here when I'm gone. You're the best man of all."

"No," he said, "I'm cashing in."

And he continued breathing with long sighs.

The heavy breathing of Honolulu Pete told us that his suffering would soon be over. Some stories say we killed him, too, but he died like the rest. His voice came to us at times, protesting, it seemed, because he couldn't reach some imaginary pool of water. As time passed his voice became weaker. The mate, noting the change in him, croaked, "Pete is going fast." At ten o'clock by the mate's watch Pete died. I wished him luck in reaching his pool of water.

Shortly after Pete had breathed his last Big Karl came over to me and asked me to look at Ole, saying, as I moved over to Ole, "He is going fast and at times is out of his mind." One look convinced me that Ole would soon be with the rest of his shipmates—his eyes had that far-away look. He was muttering his mother's name, who was leading him to the brook on his father's farm in Norway.

Karl became excited when he saw his friend and old shipmate dying before him and helpless to do anything for him. He pleaded with me to aid Ole. I could not answer him: my head reeled, my heart beat fast, I had to sit down. The morning exertion was too much for us, all were in the same condition and moved slowly and only when necessary.

Samuelson came forward and talked with Karl and me. Samuelson thought that we were all about to die and asked permission to operate the evaporator. I knew he didn't have the strength to stand before the water-pail furnace and feed it with wood and told him that I didn't think we could go through with it. Big Karl then said:

"Ole will be dead within two hours if we don't aid him—he's going fast."

We went to Ole again, as Karl urged us wildly to help his friend.

Karl, holding Ole in his arms, asked Samuelson to remove the blood, if any, from Pete's body. This was done, the head being removed from the body and the thick blood collected into the gallon kerosene can. Karl took the can and diluted the contents with water, took it to his friend and urged him to drink, forcing the cup between his lips. Karl patiently waited to see the effect of the liquid on his friend, several minutes passing before he asked Ole if it helped him. Ole did not answer his question, but said, "Give me more."

Hardened to death, suffering and miserable, and knowing that we were but a few hours from death, our burning throats craved this liquid, and after Ole had again had more of it, all those standing about him partook of it, the cup and can passing from one person to the other. The mate had crawled forward over the bodies and thwarts in the boat, unobserved by the rest of us. We were startled by the hoarse Teutonic voice near us when

he said, "Give me some of that. I am dying." We took the can from Karl and held it to the mate's lips before he could take it in his hands. The rest of the liquid was then carried to young Sparks, who was lying amidship beside Lieutenant Holmes. While the incident occurred the rest of the crew were asleep or too weak to move.

Strengthened somewhat, the five of us moved forward, where we drew together and made further plans. We decided after a whispered conversation to put in the rest of the night removing parts of Pete's body into the biscuit-can boiler again to make a broth that would prolong life. The mate remarked, with that eternal humor of his, that Pete was in good condition. He didn't have so many sores. Karl, the strongest, started, and in turn the rest labored at this gruesome task, while Pete's head rolled about in the bottom of the boat.

After several hours at this labor we spent what strength we had and retired to our respective places in the boat to rest. While resting I heard a loud splash, and immediately the voice of the mate: "There goes Holmes." I sat up and peered into the darkness but saw nothing. Few moved. I heard the mate's voice: he was talking to the

bosun. I crawled amidships to Sparks and sat beside him, where he told me Holmes had ended it all by throwing himself into the sea.

Sparks continued talking:

"While Karl was over Pete's body, his acts were observed by Holmes. Holmes turned to me and said, 'I can't stand this terrible cutting of Pete's body. It is of no use. In a few hours we will all be dead. Why don't they stop it and lie down and die?' "

He gave Sparks his watch and instructed him how to get to his wife in Manila, should he live. He then left his misery behind, throwing himself into the cool, deep water.

We continued at our task in placing Pete's body in the biscuit can, stopping when exhausted, going at it again when rested. The hatchet seemed like a hundredweight. We kept at it, however, until Karl declared the gruesome task over. Daylight appeared as Karl called a stop to the work. It was the twenty-fourth and the last day in the boat. We sat gazing at the sky as light was appearing. It was evident that we would have rain during the day, for heavy clouds appeared above.

After several minutes of conversation about the

weather, and plans for catching water with the spread sail should a heavy rainfall come later, we looked at a sight that few men have seen. As full light of dawn came upon the boat it showed a headless body, half leaning, half sitting against the side of the boat; without arms and with the flesh removed from the legs, it had the appearance of a half-made scarecrow, for the feet were still in the shoes.

The kinky head was in the lap of an insane Filipino, who at times lifted it from his lap to gaze intently at it, and finally, with a tired weak push of his hand, rolled it away from him. It was picked up by Karl, who, as he sat on a thwart, held it by the hair. He seemed to be considering its value, as he kept lifting it up and down as one would lift a piece of metal. Mackey, with a look of disgust and horror on his countenance as he observed Karl with the head, shouted, "Throw that thing overboard." Karl looked at Mackey with a stupid expression on his face, and, after pondering for a while, slowly moved the head to the side of the boat and then, with a sudden twist with his arm, flung it into the sea. The mate, dozing with head down on his chest, looked up when he heard

Mackey's order. When the head splashed into the sea he spoke up and said:

"Let the rest of it go too."

Karl, aided by Samuelson, rolled the body over the side of the boat. A feeble attempt was then made to clean up the boat, but before it could be carried out a few drops of rain fell.

The sail, after much effort, was spread and held by the able ones, the mate holding the low end, where he rolled it cone shaped and inserted it in the water tank. Holding the sail with heads back and mouths open for fear we would miss some of the precious drops of cooling water, we waited patiently for the heavy rain that we expected, praying silently for it to hasten. After a few drops had wet our faces and tongues it stopped coming down. We dropped the sail from our hands; our necks and arms aching from weakness, we sat down and continued to gaze at the cloud above. God must have pitied us as we sat gazing at the cloud, for after several minutes the rain came down in a deluge. We scrambled about the boat, bumping each other as we hurried to our places to grasp and spread the sail, shaping it in a manner to make the water run to the tank.

As the rain poured down, the mate pulled the small end of the sail from the water tank, shouting as he did so, "We must wash the salt off." To see the water pass over the sail into the boat caused us all to shout, "That's enough." "Put it back." "Put it back." The mate did not waste much of the water; it soon was running into the tank.

Thinking there might be a loss of water through the sail, I stooped to look under it. As I put my head under the sail my end must have dropped for the mate roared, "Hold that sail up!" Sparks spread his arm to cover my negligence in letting the sail drop, for I ignored the mate's order when I saw a stream going through where a piece of marlin had been removed that had been used in reefing the sail. Taking the gallon kerosene can that served in so many ways before, I ducked totally under the sail and caught the escaping water. After catching about a quart of water in the can the water ceased and came through in drops, and from the groans above I knew the rain was over. The sail was still held above while the few drops fell into the can. I gazed at the pinkish liquid that I had gathered, for the can had not

been cleaned after its use of several hours previous. Unable to resist the temptation, I drank from the can. Striking Sparks on the knee to attract his attention, he looked under the sail, and seeing the can that I held out to him he dropped his end of the sail and came completely under it. He grasped the can, had it to his lips, and was drinking when Mackey threw the sail back. Mackey snatched the can from Sparks, poured the contents in the tank, saying as he poured, "You can't get away with that here. Equal rights. You fellows will be short when we issue this water." We said nothing, for we knew we had done wrong and had been unable to prevent our own actions.

Mackey's threat was not carried out, for the incident was forgotten in the excitement and elated spirits of all as the mate rationed out the water in generous quantities. The cups were passed around by Mackey and Samuelson, their hands trembling with weakness and excitement as they gave each one his drink. The sick and dying men were given their share; even those who were too weak to swallow had it poured into their mouths, and in some cases it ran out again. As we watched this extravagant waste, two Filipinos, intoxicated

with the water, drew their bodies around the boat sucking up the remaining moisture on the thwarts and even went to the bottom of the boat in the filth and dirt, gathering the moisture and water that had collected there.

After resting, for our breathing was heavy from the excitement and exertion, the mate ordered the sail set. Big Karl hooked it on the top of the mast, Mackey drew it taut, the wind caught it, and we again went before it. The sun came out; the clouds had passed; the wind was puffy but kept the sail tight and drawing.

The boat was in a terrible condition; three more had died during the night. Old Jim Ferreter, the sailor who had urged us so often to have courage and not to give up, was dead, lying in the filth of the boat.

Many times we had strained our eyes hopefully, thinking that a formation of clouds on the horizon was land. Nearly all who had died had seen beautiful green hills ahead. But Jim Ferreter was determined to be no fool for any mirage. Strong and brave, he had made a sworn vow that he would not pronounce the magic word "land" until he had seen real land and not an apparition. To-

day, when the sun was at the peak of the heavens, Jim Ferreter stood his turn on watch at the bow of the boat. A few clouds drifted across the blue sky. The hardened old A. B. seaman's hawklike eyes were fixed on the horizon dead ahead. Suddenly he called:

"It's ours at last, boys! There's land ahead!"

We struggled eagerly to our feet and stared. And it did appear that there was a mountainous coast far away on the western horizon. Could it be possible? Jim had sworn he never would see land until it was there.

In an hour the "land" had drifted along the horizon, broken into two parts, one of which was wafted upward. To us it was a customary disappointment. Cloud banks had deluded us before. But Jim had believed with all his soul that he was right. A tremendous change came over the hardened seafarer. With mouth drooping and eyes glazed he sat despondently in the bow. In a few hours he fell into a stupor, and before the end of the day we had delivered him to the ever open arms of Davy Jones.

Wood, the ex-jockey, lay dead beside him. He was the only man that died without going insane.

He kept breathing more heavily, and, gasping, died. The little Filipino who had been dying for days passed out during the excitement of getting water. We rolled them out from the low side of the boat, like the rest who had died before them. They were mere skin and bones. We pumped a little water into the boat and rested again. Big Karl Linns was saying for the hundredth time that he had gone through much worse than this and again mentioned the ninety days in an open boat off the coast of Chile—liar to the end.

CHAPTER XIII

"THERE CAN'T BE ANY LAND—IT'S ALL GONE UNDER THE SEA"

THE morning passed slowly. We were sick. Some were doubled up with cramps, the water in our dried-out stomachs no doubt being the cause of it. I was in pain. The right side of my face was in horrible shape where the burn had become one huge festering mass. I was lying beside Sparks when we heard the bosun talking to the mate. He was pointing ahead of the boat, telling the mate that he thought he saw a hill over the horizon. Sparks groaned, and I thought another man had gone crazy when he said to me:

"But there can't be any land, it's all gone under the sea."

There was silence for a while; perhaps thirty minutes passed, when the mate's voice was heard louder and with an excited pitch:

"Yes, and there's palm trees on that hill."

I turned to Sparks and said, "Don't look, Sparks, they may all be crazy. Wait a bit."

Soon Mackey saw smoke, and others piped up; all were sure they saw something on the hill. We grasped the thwart above us and pulled our heads above the boat and looked in the direction they were pointing. There was no mistake, we were looking at land, high land, a hill far ahead of us. I could not see the palm trees, but could make out the thin wisp of smoke that Mackey had noted.

No one seemed excited or elated at the sight of land. I believe that there was doubt in the minds of each sane man as to whether we could get to that land ahead. I wasn't sure that it was real land. It might be mirage, I thought. As time passed we drew in closer. The palm trees could be distinctly seen on the hill. Mackey, gazing at it long and intently, rose from a thwart and said in a convincing voice, "That's land and no mistake," and turning to Karl he ordered him to throw the can and contents into the sea. Big Karl ignored the order and turned to the mate for support. He tried to convince Mackey that the contents of the can should be cooked and passed

around before making a landing on the beach. He kept repeating, "We must have strength to go through the breakers." "Ole could never stand it. Ole could never get through." The mate, no doubt tiring of listening to his crazy plea for his friend Ole and being doubled up with cramps from the water, said, "Go ahead, then. But I don't see any use of it now—we should have food to-night." He gave several groans as he doubled up, and continued: "Count me out, I'm near dead now."

It must have been noon when Karl made his fire in the pail, using the last friction flare in the boat and the last bit of chopped wood. As the fire grew he added cork and canvas from the life preservers to keep it burning. As the contents of the can started to boil, Mackey turned to the mate and protested against Karl and his act. He said, "We should throw that can overboard. There's land not over four hours away. Why should we go on with this?"

The mate's answer was, "Yes, there's land, but we don't know if there's anything to eat on it. Let Karl alone, he may be right." Karl continued firing his water-pail furnace until he declared the broth ready. Few joined him in its consumption.

What little water was left in the tank was passed out. It amounted to nothing.

The afternoon was very hot. We continued to suffer from cramps and heat. Big Karl seemed to be the only one not affected. Someone said as he moved about the boat, "He can't be human."

Our progress toward the beach during the afternoon was very slow. The Filipinos were much excited and chattered among themselves. What tickled them was the idea that the shore was their own native Philippines. We didn't care whether it was their native country or Iceland or Australia. It was land, with rivers and lakes and springs and streams, fresh water for us to drink. The wind had almost died out. The sail flapped from side to side, at times we had to lower the sail. Karl and the bosun tried to row. They were too weak. We sat a while, letting the boat drift on, while the mate gave us instructions in getting through the breakers. We could see a cape extending out into the sea. To the right of the cape it looked like a good white sand beach. The seas could be seen breaking on it. To the left of the cape a small bay spread out. The land to the left formed a valley. A river from the mountains emptied into the bay.

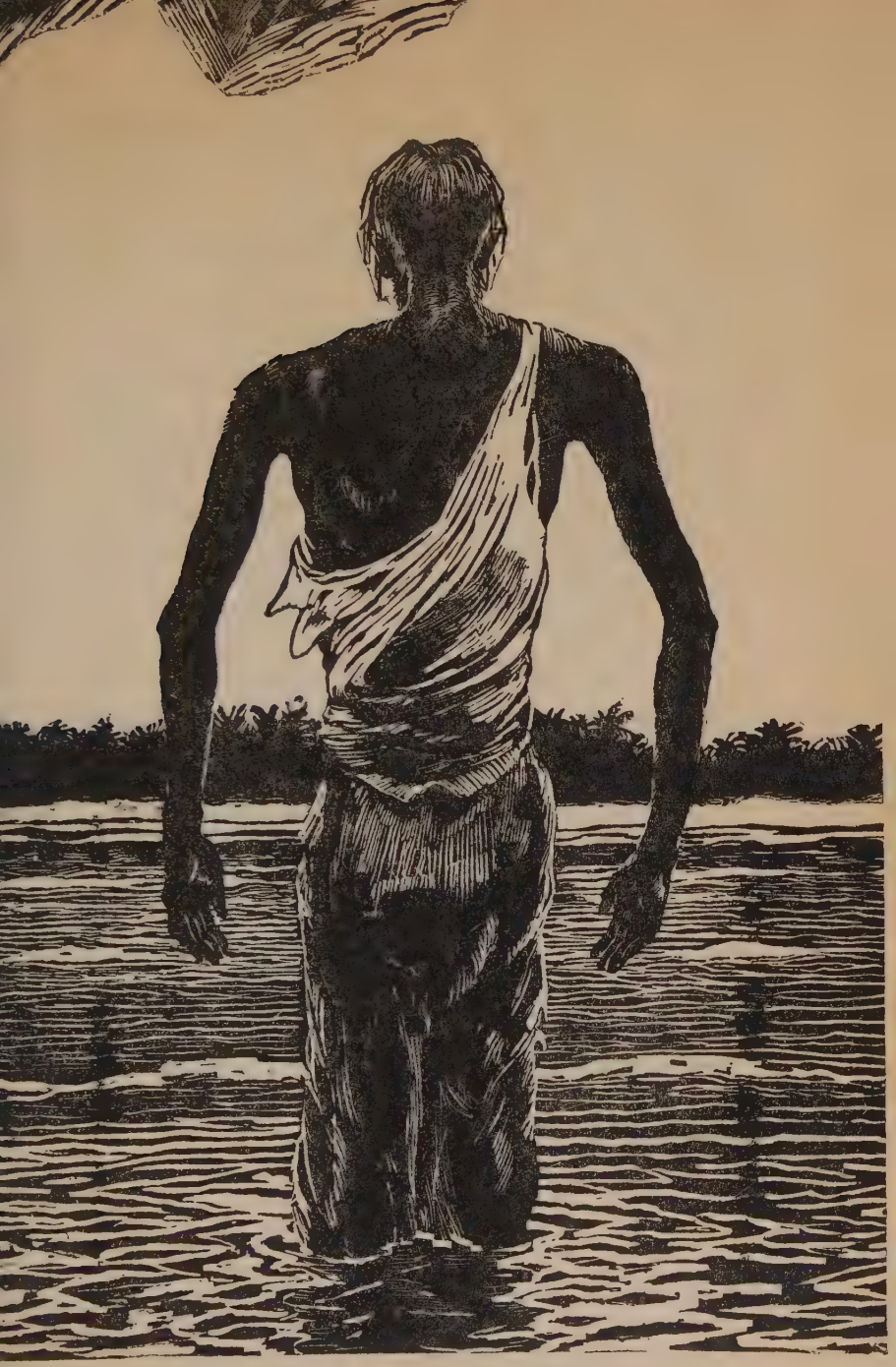
We were drifting to the right of the cape, the seas getting higher as we drew in, the water no doubt getting shallow.

The mate, watching closely as we drew in, stood up and said in a husky but firm voice, "The boat can't ride the breakers. It's a coral reef ahead, not sand. Get the oars out. Try and get around the cape into the bay." We put two oars out to bring the boat around. We were too weak to pull them or hold them, for the boat fell into the trough of the seas and the oars were lost as the boat rose and fell. We were knocked about, too weak to hold steady.

We were caught. It was impossible for us to maneuver the boat. We rose and fell on the high seas, the water boiling under us as we were lifted on top of the combers. We were being pushed ahead; the beach was drawing close. The nearer we drew in, the higher the seas became. I expected each one to swamp the boat. The able ones managed to put on life preservers. I tried to help Karl fasten a life preserver on Ole. We were bowled over as we were at our task. As I sat up I looked seaward to note the size of the next breaker. It looked a mountain of water, a high

wall about to flatten us out. I quickly moved to the bow. The sea was roaring and hissing behind us. I took a quick glance at it. I decided the boat was lost and jumped clear of it into the boiling water as the sea struck and swamped us.

In the water, my first thought was to get to the surface, for I was being tossed and churned along and expected to feel the crushing weight of the boat any moment. The velocity of the water shoving me ahead kept me from coming up, and I thought it strange as I traveled onward that the life preserver couldn't bring me to the surface. The sea flattened out on the uneven surface of the coral reef. It was well that it did, for my lungs seemed as though they would burst if I had to stay under water any longer. As the sea struck the reef it kept me ahead of it, rolling me along for some time on top of the water, striking sharp pieces of coral, and at times under the water when I passed over the holes or breaks in the reef. I finally did stop, jamming myself between two upright rocks. I had hardly taken a breath of air when that great volume of water came over me again on its mad way seaward. When it had passed over me a longer period of time passed before another sea was back



THE WATER WAS NOW KNEE DEEP

on the reef. I timed it nicely and let go of my rocky enclosure and again went rolling before it. By the time the sea had lost its velocity I was far in toward the beach, and when it receded I had no trouble in holding my own. The next sea that came moved me gently onward. I did not fear it. I had won the battle.

The water was now knee deep. I tried to stand up. My head reeled. The beach, the trees and sky kept rocking before me. I sat down in the water and wondered if I was the only person saved. I had lost my glasses in the surf, and everything was a little bit vague. I looked out at the mad breakers behind me and could see our lifeboat perched on a rock, bottom side up. Other members of the crew could be seen groping in toward me. I counted three, and then there would be no one in sight, for in their weakness the men fell behind rocks, out of sight. Sparks and Metcalf came up to me. They were walking on the coral with an unsteady gait. They had saved their shoes. They grasped me by the arms and helped me over the coral. Reaching the beach, we fell forward exhausted.

In time other members of the crew came in,

some singly and others in groups of three trying to aid each other. One Filipino and a coal passer were drawing themselves out of the water babbling and crying, their minds entirely gone. Someone dragged them up to where we were lying in the sand.

Big Karl Linns was the last one to reach the beach. We had sighted his tall form before. He seemed to be looking for someone as he moved about the rocks and breaks in the coral. As he came up to us he was half crying, sobbing and shouting, "Ole's gone! Ole's gone!" He walked back to the water's edge, gazed out at the breakers, returned and stood before us and said, with a strange change of manner:

"To hell with it! Let's go over the mountains and see where that smoke is coming from."

Mackey looked at him in awe and said, "Rest, you fool."

Karl sat down on the beach. We removed our life preservers and covered our bodies with them, for the sun had disappeared, and the wind from the sea chilled us. As we rested we counted the survivors. There were thirteen men on the beach—

all of us but three. The mate was not with us. Ole, the mate, and Francisco Benedicto, the wiry Filipino, were missing. We, thirteen, half naked, salt-encrusted, half covered with ulcers; cut, bruised, and bleeding from the coral; hairy with grotesque beards, and I with one side of my face a single ulcer and my crazy half of a beard, were the most inhuman lot of scarecrows ever seen on a beach.

Then Karl started out. We were surprised by his strength. The ants and other biting insects getting into our sores and wounds from the coral reef, along with the desire for water or coconuts, must have caused us to follow Karl on his mad march up the mountains to locate that wisp of smoke that he was seeking. Only an insane person would have attempted that mountain with its thick tropical vegetation. We must have been insane to follow Karl, for I wonder now how we managed to get through that mat of bushes, trees, and dead wood underneath and to pull ourselves, grasping what we could, up that steep mountain side. We followed Karl, guided by his voice up ahead. We could see nothing, not even the man in front of us, so intense was the darkness of the jungle. Live

things were around and above us, strange cries were heard, like the grunts of wild hogs or the croaks of lizards. At times crashing sounds were heard in the trees. I took them to be made by monkeys disturbed at our approach. We moved onward. It seemed hours since starting, so great was the torture in following that mad shipmate ahead. When we came to a flat surface on the mountain side, I fell and gave up. I could go no farther; my mind became a blank; I passed out.

I do not know how long I was out. It may have been a period of minutes or several hours. When I again looked on the terrifying jungle it was still dark, with rain dropping on the leaves of the trees above. A phosphorous rock or plant near glowed mysteriously at me. Someone had his arms about my neck. I tried to push him away, for it was very hard to breathe. I spoke to that person and knew by the voice that it was one of the Filipinos. He was cold and was trying to get some warmth from my body. I could hear Mackey's voice near. He was speaking to Samuelson. Groans and other voices came to me at times. I knew then that most of the men were lying on the flat near me. I heard someone saying that Karl, the bosun, Chips, the

carpenter, and Sparks had forged on ahead. I could hear no crashing of branches and decided that they were far ahead of us. Ants and other crawling insects were getting into my wounds. I kept clapping at my legs to drive them off. I chewed leaves from the branches that hung over me. They were now dripping from the light rain that was falling. I freed myself from the embrace of the Filipino and managed to get near Mackey, where we fought the ants together, chewed leaves and wondered what this strange land could be, if it were populated and if Karl could find its people.

To me the misery in the boat was nothing compared to that night in the jungle. The suffering was so great, from the thirst, the insects, and some internal sickness that had gripped me, aided by mental pictures of being devoured by wild hogs, that it caused me to give up all hope of being saved. I gave my house address to Mackey. I thought he might get through. I then thought how foolish it was for me to do that: he would never remember it.

Hope came to me with the light of the morning. The jungle was less terrifying; the need of

water caused me to leave my comrades and search the flat for it. I found some rain in the cavities of a rotten log. Many dead ants were in these little pools of water. I drank the water ants and all.

The urge to live came back to me. I grew venturesome. I decided to go down the mountain, back to the beach. The reason for this move back to the beach was that I remembered having seen a small pile of coconut shells there. I thought, "There must be people here—they have been opening coconuts."

The descent down the mountain was more rapid than the climb of the night before. I started from the flat, sitting and shoving myself with my hands, for during the night one leg had stiffened owing to the knee cap having been injured on the rocks. Owing to the steepness of the mountain side I soon lost my sliding movement and rolled over and over, stopping at times when I struck a tree or a log in my path, and going on as I gained breath and strength. I soon reached a grassy plot at the base of the mountains where it met the beach. Here I searched for logs or little pools in the volcanic rocks near by.

Mackey and Metcalf joined me. They had left

the flat above soon after me. The little water we found did us more harm than good, for the little pools always contained decayed vegetation and dead insects.

We moved over to the beach, hoping that someone would pass and see us. We noticed that the tide had run out, leaving our lifeboat not far from dry coral. The water had receded from the foot of the cape. It was now some distance away from it, making it possible for one to walk around the cape. We could tell from our view of the sea of the existence of a river and bay around the cape, and decided that if there were any people about that they would be along the river, where they would moor their canoes and obtain their supply of fresh water.

While we debated whether we would start crawling toward and around the cape, a figure stepped into view from behind it, walking slowly, peering at the water's edge as if seeking some lost article near or in the water. This stranger was only partly clad, his sole attire being a short pair of trunks and a large straw hat. In his hand he carried a kind of wicker basket, on his shoulder something that looked like a bag; around his waist

he had a knife or bolo. Unconscious of our scrutiny, he stopped, set down the basket, and quickly threw the baglike thing into the water. As it struck, we could see that it had a line attached to it and knew, when he drew it toward him, that it was a small net and that he was catching small shore fish, probably for his breakfast. I tried to shout. No sound came from me. Mackey tried to attract his attention. A kind of low croak was the result of his effort. The man could not hear us. We waited for him to draw nearer. He moved down the beach toward us, casting and drawing his net as he moved along. He raised his eyes from the water's edge toward the boat, stopped, dropped his net, and stood motionless. He saw the lifeboat. He started again to walk toward it, going only several feet when he saw us lying in the sand, the hideous-looking creatures that we were. He started toward us, but not in a direct line, moving in a circle at first, coming in closer as he moved, drawing his bolo for protection as he came up to us. He put back his bolo when he saw our condition, stooped down, drew my belt from the handle of the enameled cup that I had providentially hung

from my waist before loss of the lifeboat, and walked away from us in the direction of the flat at the base of the mountain. As he left us, Metcalf whispered, "Filipino—he's all right. He's going to get us water."

CHAPTER XIV

SAFE ON THE ISLAND OF SAMAR

THE Filipino soon returned with the cup filled with water. The source of supply must have been near, probably but a few feet from where we were searching. We sat up as he approached us, eagerly reaching with outstretched arms. He did not give us the cup to drink, but held it in his hands, knocking down our arms as we reached for it. When we saw that he wanted to hold the cup, we kept one hand down and drank in sips as he put the cup to our lips. He allowed the three of us to drink one half of the water in the cup and then threw the rest on the beach. We protested, we wanted more. He only shook his head and turned to greet two young girls who had run up to us. They too had come from around the cape. These two scantily clad maidens dashed away in the direction of the cape like young deer at the few

words the Filipino uttered. We pointed to the mountain side, at ourselves, and held up our fingers trying to tell the Filipino that there were other survivors in the jungle. He understood and left us, to seek the other men. We knew he had found some of them, for we saw him come back to get water. Some of the other survivors had rolled down the mountain.

The two girls must have been quick in giving word at their village of our arrival. We heard gleeful sounds, shouting, barking of dogs, not long after they left, and before the people appeared around the cape we could hear them, the shouting coming to us the louder as they approached. The whole male population of the village must have turned out, making a holiday, for they burst into view, dashing and shouting as they ran, carrying long poles with matting stretched across, forming makeshift stretchers which four men supported, one man at each end of the bamboo poles. Some of the men had boys on the matting, and at times they gave a whoop and tossed the boys up in the air, catching them again as they ran along. Coming up to us, they dropped the poles and proceeded to roll me on the matting. Mackey and Metcalf

were taken care of in a like manner, while many ran shouting into the jungle in search of the rest of the men. I was on my way around the cape before all the Filipinos were on the scene, so rapid had been the rescue.

As the men ran along with me I noticed the fine-muscled arms coming into play, for they were attired as the first Filipino, with only trunks and hat, and I wondered if I would ever be as strong and active as they.

Around the cape, on the sandy beach of the bay, the village could be seen, somewhat hidden among the trees along the river. Before coming to the village the Filipinos stopped their rapid stride to rest at a small nipa palm-thatched hut at a path leading from the beach into the village, where an old woman appeared, coming down a short ladder to the ground from her one-room residence, holding in her hand a very large coconut. She walked to where I was lying on the matting, muttering not unpleasant sounds as she gave me the coconut. As I received it I found that it was the shell of a coconut that had been used many years as a container for water. I drank long and deeply from the hole bored in the shell for that purpose.

One of my bearers, thinking I had had enough, removed the container from my hands and gave an order to move on. As we moved away from that old woman she tossed a baked *camote* (a kind of yam) into the stretcher. I waved my hand in appreciation of her kindness.

I can remember coming into the village, the excited women and children, barking dogs chasing grunting hogs under the raised nipa-thatched houses, and being lifted by many hands into one of these houses. A weakness came over me, and then darkness. I was unconscious, I didn't know how long.

When I came out of the darkness, I was lying on a mat stretched over a not too evenly laid bamboo floor. I was dressed like the Filipinos who had rescued me, in a pair of trunks fastened at the waist by a drawing string. The rest of my body was bare; my legs were bandaged with strips of flour sacking; my burned and ulcered face was bandaged too. Tobacco leaves were showing from under the bandages where they covered my many wounds. These people, I thought, have great faith in their tobacco when they use it to heal.

I took the room that I was in to be the cooking

part, or kitchen. It had a box built on the floor, of stones. Inside of the stones it was filled with sand, and on the sand a small fire smouldered, the smoke going up through a break in the roof, giving out a pungent odor, for the wood that was burning was from a kind of palm tree.

Hearing voices, I turned around and looked through the opening leading to the other room. This room was crowded with women, children, and men, who were talking and laughing over four or five of the survivors. Sitting near the door with a bowl of soup in his hands was the red-whiskered mate. At first I thought I must still be unconscious and dreaming. The mate, I remembered, did not come ashore from the lifeboat with us. How can it be, I thought, that he is here? The mate turned and greeted me with his queer laugh and said:

"Thought I was out there with Ole, like the rest, eh? I was here having soup the night you fellows were roaming the jungle."

He then told me how he had jammed his body between a thwart and the bottom of the lifeboat when it went on the rocks, and when the tide went out he came ashore and walked around the cape

to the village. He thought he was the only one saved. I had to believe his story, for I knew he did not come ashore with us, and he was the first man to speak to me in the village. The mate continued speaking, telling me all about myself since we had arrived at the village. He said that three days had passed, and that I had been in a semi-unconscious state during that period. The native women had been feeding me soup and had removed the rags that were my clothing. The mate had learned through one of our Filipinos that we had landed on the island of Samar. The village where we were was San José, and the nearest white people were at Borongan, where a trader and cable operator named McIntyre and Sutton were located. This village was at the other side of the island, he said.

Later in the day I learned that all the men who had made the beach were accounted for. Big Karl, the bosun, and Sparks had carried on over the mountains into the same valley and followed the river to the village. They had met with Filipinos during the night on the other slope of the mountain, where they had rested in some kind of shelter until early morning. They were guided into the

village before we arrived. All had been taken care of by these kind people, the fourteen men were distributed to different houses, the natives took in as many as they had room for. The soup pot was always on the fire. It seemed that we had soup or the liquid from the coconuts every hour of the day and night, for there was always a group about us, happy to serve us.

While we were at San José an incident occurred to raise a question that was to hold an important place in our minds. We were lying on the bamboo floor, the ones of us that were too weak to be around, when I noticed one of the Filipinos that had been in the boat with us talking to the other natives in a high-pitched voice. They were excited, and as the chattering went on they were pointing at something. I saw it was a big tin can and recognized it as the can we had used when we put the chief engineer and Honolulu Pete in the pot. I think the local natives wanted to use it for cooking, and our Filipino shipmate was telling them about it. I called him over and asked him what the noise was about. He hummed and hawed, and I accused him of telling the story about what we had done. He admitted it.

"You keep still about that," I said to him, "and tell them to keep still."

He agreed and spoke to them, and they quieted down. I don't know how much the word got around the place, but nobody said anything to us about the matter while we were in those parts.

We were all agreed to say nothing about putting the chief engineer and Honolulu Pete in the pot. We didn't talk about it much. It was just understood. We weren't afraid. We just didn't want it known. We had the secret on our minds, and it was like something hanging over our heads until the time came later on—when we were brought before the naval authorities and the whole story was revealed.

The next day, the fourth day in San José, we were surprised to be visited by an American, who introduced himself as Hartendorf, a traveling supervisor of native schools. He was afoot, attired in khaki, and carried a pack on his shoulder. He was guided by a native, who also carried a pack. He was as surprised as we were to see so many of his countrymen cast up on the wild coast of Samar.

He gave us tea, tinned milk, and some biscuit, retaining some of his supplies for his return to the

post. While the tea was brewing and the thick milk diluted and warmed by the ever attentive native women, he explained our location, the source of the food supply in the village and the means of transportation to Borongan, the port of the island, the embarking point to Manila and civilization.

San José, we were told, was well off the avenue of trade. Copra buyers seldom stopped, for the natives had only a small area of land producing the coconut palm, the country being high and of volcanic origin and therefore unsuitable to its growth. They had little more food than their needs demanded. The goat herds in the hills, pigs, fish, fruit, and a little rice were the source of their food supply, and as the rainy season was on, fruit and rice were not plentiful. Hartendorf advised that we proceed when able to another village called Lorentte, about seven miles from San José, where a larger food supply was available. After his long conversation with us, he left abruptly saying that he was on his way to see the *presidente* of the village, to have him send a native runner across the island and report our arrival to the Philippine constabulary headquarters at Borongan. He added as he turned to leave, "They should be

over to-morrow night with pack horses loaded with good American chow that will put meat on your bones."

The *presidente* sent over two large platters of stewed goat meat, with two small boys who explained in an almost unintelligible English that they were Veo and Beo and that they were orphans and were supported by the *presidente*. To have so many Americans in the village was a great event to the boys. They asked endless questions about the United States, its customs and people, and how two Filipinos would go about to get to this wonderful land. Someone said, "Stay with us, we will take you there." And from the time that statement was made the boys couldn't be separated from us. They were great foragers and brought in tropical fruit when the men of the village failed to locate it. We never had to ask for a green coconut. The boys always had a stock handy in some shady place and brought the refreshing liquid to us. They were always happy to serve us. We liked them immensely, and as time passed decided that we couldn't do without them. They stayed with us.

Hartendorf knew the efficiency of the men of the Philippine constabulary, for they arrived

twenty-four hours after he dispatched the runner to Borongan, a distance of forty kilometers through a mountainous jungle, wet and steaming from the heavy rainfall.

Lieutenants Zapanta and Nagatalon headed the five weary men that accompanied them on the long march from daylight to darkness without making camp. They were weary and looked it, but the small pack horse that had carried the tinned food looked totally played out. His head down, he stood dripping in the rain, a dejected looking animal.

It was Lieutenant Zapanta's intention to move the men who were not seriously injured to the village of Lorentte on the following morning and the rest when their condition permitted removal. In time he said, "We will get you all to Borongan, where the best of food and medical attention can be given, and for now I ask you all to be patient." He stretched out on the floor and soon was fast asleep. The rest of the soldiers sat about the fire in the room, gave an order for the owner of the house to produce *tuba,* the native beer, and before retiring drank, smoked, and talked with all present.

The following morning the soldiers washed and dressed our wounds, while the lieutenants called out the male members of the village to prepare for the removal of the men to Lorentte.

After breakfast of oatmeal, tinned milk and sea biscuit, the natives placed on bamboo stretchers the men who could not walk and departed, disappearing in the jungle. Big Karl, the bosun, and Mackey followed them, walking with an unsteady stride. I was left behind with Sparks and young Jennings. We were too sick to be moved. My face was slowly healing, but my knee had now increased to twice the normal size. I also had a high fever. Jennings and Sparks were in the same condition. My eyes bothered me. Without my glasses I was half blind, but I had to wait till we got to Manila before I could procure another pair.

In the morning the fever had left us. We thought we could be moved to Lorentte. After a lean breakfast of fruit and a few sea biscuits, Sparks and Jennings departed with the two soldiers. As they left they said that I was to be taken later in the day.

They had gone about two hours when I decided that I too would leave. I called to the owner of

the house and made him understand that I would not wait for the soldiers, but would leave on the little horse if I had a man to lead him into Lorentte. He did not care to have the responsibility of moving me, but when I gave him several of the nine silver dollars that had been George the Greek's he agreed to have a man lead me. The women of the village gathered about the little horse when it was brought up. They came to see me away. I gave out the rest of the silver money and two salt-encrusted gold watches that the mate had left behind. They were very grateful for the presents; I wished that I had much more to give them.

The footpath that the native followed was very narrow; young trees and bushes grew out over it, and at times limbs struck the horse, causing him to jump and try to get away from the native. He managed to hold the horse, always speaking softly to him, quieting him down. I was nervous and sorry I had not waited for the soldiers. My knee pained me terribly, for the branches kept striking it. In time the path grew wider, and the country more smooth, and the jungle less dense. I called out to the native, "I say, will we soon be there?"

He shook his head and called back, "Small *barrio* ahead—not Lorentte."

"Small *barrio*" turned out to be the usual group of native huts, and in each were people sitting around the fire chatting and smoking. We entered one of the nipa houses and when my eyes became accustomed to the dimly lighted room I particularly noticed a tall young native woman dressed in a blue silk dress of native design. She addressed me in precise and correct English.

"You look quite sick and worn out. I will make you a warm drink."

She left me, going to the inner room, where her supplies were kept. Several minutes passed before she returned with a glass containing a chocolate drink that tasted like the liquid from a coconut and sweetened chocolate. I drank it slowly, for it was quite pleasant to taste, while the male members of the dwelling looked stupidly at me. The mistress of the house, the woman of the silk dress, sat beside me. I asked her several questions concerning herself. She said that she had charge of the small native school located at that *barrio,* and that she had been trained for her duties at Manila. I inquired as to the distance to Lorentte and when

I could expect to arrive there. She said I must count on hard traveling for the rest of the journey and that I now was about halfway from San José to Lorentte.

The next leg of the journey brought us to a river. It was boiling down from the mountains, twice its normal size from the heavy rain of the past days. The native stood on the bank and looked up the river and then shouted. I heard voices and then an answer to his call, and soon a long dugout canoe appeared from around the bend of the river, shooting down toward us at a great speed. It was skillfully handled by a woman and six young girls, who were laughing and shouting as they approached, ignoring the danger of the swift river and enjoying its thrills. They seemed to be making a game of it. As they drew in close they shot into a pool of smooth water, and at the word of the native came out of the canoe up on the bank to assist me in dismounting from the horse's back.

The horse was led into the river by the native, the girls maneuvered the dugout to the side of the horse, the leading rope was made fast to the bow. The native and the women assisted me into the

THE NEXT LEG OF THE JOURNEY BROUGHT US TO A RIVER

canoe and then struck the horse, and as he started away they too got in.

The horse struck out, swimming when his feet left the river bottom. All went well until we reached the middle of the river, where the current was very rapid, carrying us downstream, when the horse decided that it was too much for him and turned back to the shore he had left. The native began striking him on the side of his head until he again swung around. This caused the canoe to swing around in the middle of the river until I thought we would be swamped. The girls with the paddles could claim all the credit for keeping us afloat, for they were very skillful and quick in an emergency. In time the horse pulled up on the opposite shore, where I was helped up on the bank and again mounted my wet steed.

The road from the river to Lorentte was along the high bluffs that overlooked the sea, and very rocky and rough to travel. We came into Lorentte abruptly. A turn in the road, and then the square of nipa houses around an old stone Spanish church. I was greeted by Sparks, Veo and Beo, the mate, Linns, and the two Filipinos, and taken

to the house where they were staying. The rest of the survivors, I was told, were staying at the padre's house near the church.

A tall, gaunt individual drew himself up the short ladder into the room. Sparks whispered, "He's a white man, the owner of the house." It was hard to believe that he was white, for he was as brown as a native and was dressed in none too clean native garments, the usual white undershirt and short trunks. He wore no shoes, and the only white thing about him was an old army Stetson hat that he wore on his head. He gazed about the room, noticed that I was a newcomer to his untidy residence, and crawled over to where I was sitting. As he drew over I thought he was sick, so lean and hollow was his face, but when he spoke I saw that he was very drunk.

His first words to me were, "Where you from?"

Thinking that it was the place of my birth that he desired, I quickly answered, "Ohio."

He looked at me queerly for a moment and said, "That's funny; I come from Toledo myself, been out here since 1900, went through the insurrection, married a native woman, and lived right here in Lorentte ever since."

To be polite or make conversation I asked, "What is your name?"

He answered, "Kuntz," and added, "Used to be a handsome man until the fever knocked me. I have to use this anisette to keep it away." He produced a bottle of licorice smelling liquid and said, "Have a drink." I declined, but he insisted. The sergeant entered, and seeing that he was bothering me, ordered him away to his native wife in the rear room. Through the entrance to the kitchen or rear room I could see him weaving before a barefooted, tired-looking native woman. Sparks said, "That's his wife." He spoke to her roughly and grasped her arm and led her into the room that we occupied. Two small boys of ten and twelve years followed. He stared at us stupidly for several moments and then said, "Meet my wife and boys." We bowed to the woman, who stared straight ahead. The little boys smiled at us and left quickly to obey an order that the host grunted in Filipino. He walked away from us and threw himself on the matting that had been stretched over the frame of an iron bed that was in the room. He was soon asleep, snoring and muttering as he slept through the hot afternoon.

Later in the day his two sons appeared, a little shy at first, but later, when better acquainted with us, they became quite friendly. We asked them to get us green coconuts, for the afternoon was very hot, and we did not care to drink water, for we knew it came from a small stream near by and was none too clean from past rains. The mate gave them several pieces of silver to hurry them at their task.

They appeared shortly after, followed by many boys of their age, each carrying two coconuts. They piled the coconuts under a large lime tree near the door of the house and called to us to see the number of nuts they had gathered. We thanked them for their excellent work after they had opened several of the nuts and poured the liquid into containers.

They were eager to get more coconuts or do any other work that we desired, for they said they would like to have more money. One of the boys produced several pieces of candy and said they wanted to earn money in order "to get more of this from the Chinese store."

We learned later that a Chinaman kept a small store in the village where one could purchase

tobacco, candy, native liquor, and some clothing.

A meager evening meal of soup, sea biscuit, strawberry jam, and tea was served by the poker-faced Mrs. Kuntz aided by her two sons. Shortly after we had finished supper Mackey, Samuelson, and Metcalf came over from the padre's house to see how the injured members of the crew were faring under the care of our host. We all had a good laugh as Mackey came up the ladder and entered the room, for no movie beachcomber could have had a more fitting make-up than Mackey's attire. He had somehow managed to keep the chief engineer's uniform cap and form-fitting uniform coat, but in the mad breakers and on the sharp rocks he lost the trousers, and some kind native had given him the usual string-drawn, knee-length native trousers. He managed to keep his shoes, that were at one time tan, but they simply accentuated those long, lean brown legs of his in the long gap between where his shoe tops left off and his native shorts began.

He at first did not take so kindly to the general display of mirth at his expense, for we learned later that he with his companions had come over to our residence for the purpose of making us envious

by giving us a description of their sumptuous evening meal at the padre's house, where they had been regaled by a regular Filipino banquet. But he soon warmed up and joined in the laughter, and in the singing when the natives started plunking on their instruments, playing the fascinating, haunting music of a song called "Camari, Camari, Zamboangi."

Kuntz was roused out of his drunken slumber when the singing gained in volume as others joined in. He sat up in his strange bed, gazed around at us in the semidarkness of the room, and shouted the word, *"tuba,"* which sounded somewhat like both a command and a plea. His wife had evidently heard that word before, because she immediately hurried into the room with a tall stone jar of native Filipino beer. Kuntz grasped eagerly at a glass that had at one time been a container for chipped beef. He drank long and deeply.

The mate sighed, the muscles in his throat contracted and expanded in sympathy with the man before him as the attentive wife cooled the throat of the derelict husband. He watched Kuntz lift the glass time and again. He unconsciously counted

each gulp that passed down the lean throat, and unable to hold himself in, for he too craved something stronger than water, shouted, "Hand over that jar. There are other men here as thirsty as you are. Give me a drink."

His last sentence was cross and threatening. It brought Kuntz to his feet. He gazed at the mate for a moment and walked unsteadily over to him, placed the jar on the floor, gave him the glass, and said: "There's plenty, drink hearty, old-timer."

He turned to us and with a flourish of his arm added, "Drink all you want, boys, there is more when that is gone. It will put you on your feet; you will soon be men again."

Sparks looked at me, smiled, and finished the sentence that the host had uttered by adding the two words, "Like him."

What a terrible example of alcohol and life in the tropics he was! But the spectacle of the emaciated Kuntz did not seem to stay any of our survivors from indulging in the refreshing *tuba.* The glass, filled by the mate, was passed to each man in turn until the jar was empty. Kuntz, anticipating a real party and the joy of going to bed

dead drunk for the second time in one day, shouted to his wife to refill the jar.

She was about to obey the command of her dissolute husband when the constabulary sergeant put a crimp in his plans. Stepping forth, he spoke these words in a low voice, "That is enough, Mr. Kuntz. The men will be sick in the morning with the fever. There will be no more *tuba* to-night."

No one protested the command of that firm little brown man. Kuntz, knowing it would be useless to protest, retired to his bed. The mate, happy on the *tuba,* which warmed his weakened body, hummed a long-forgotten sea chanty, while some became talkative and others dropped off to sleep.

I pulled the well worn army blanket over me. The sea breeze came through the poorly thatched house, and with it the pungent odor of the pith wood fire in the rear room and the sergeant's slow-burning cigarette of leaf tobacco—all this with the *tuba,* and that silence broken only by the faint haunting strains of native stringed instruments, and I was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XV

WE DECIDE TO KEEP OUR SECRET

THE next morning in Lorentte was one that I shall remember. The sergeant's prophecy of the evening before came home to us when we started shouting for water to quench a terrible thirst. For the fever increased with the rising sun. I refused the breakfast of oatmeal that was brought to me by the sergeant, and he smiled as he left me to give the oatmeal to a more rugged survivor.

The *tuba* had indeed struck a telling blow in retarding our progress to health. Each one in turn complained of his pet ailment or wound. The sergeant listened patiently as he passed out quinine pills or dressed wounds. In my case it was a swollen knee that caused the sergeant to shake his head as he looked at the discolored member. He called over two of the early morning native visitors to aid him in moving me over to the entrance of the house, where the sunlight gave him light for

a closer examination. Then he pressed and poked at my knee until it throbbed unbearably. He called out an order in Filipino, and Mrs. Kuntz soon appeared with a basin of warm water.

Next he produced a surgeon's long-bladed knife, and without a word of explanation as to his use of it he drove it into the knee, under the cap. The pain caused me to cry out, and the visitors crowded around to watch more closely as the sergeant inserted a bamboo drain into the incision. After binding the knee I was carried back to my allotted space on the floor, dripping with perspiration from weakness due to the intense pain.

The day passed slowly. It was very warm. The little padre called. He informed us through Kuntz, for he could not speak a word of English, that there was to be a wedding at the church and later on a feast of roast pig and chicken on the banks of the stream near by. All were invited to attend the ceremony and to indulge in the feast that was being prepared.

Many were the groans of disappointment from the men in our home when Kuntz translated the padre's invitation, for none were in condition to attend.

Big Karl drifted in. He looked scornfully at his sick and wounded comrades, put his arms across his chest, drew back his head, to give him what he thought a superior bearing, and then uttered words that caused us to boil within:

"Huh! Fine men you are! Lying there on the floor. Huh, why don't you get out like me and enjoy life? It's over a week since we landed. Are you ever going to get on your feet?"

He continued to rave on, telling us in a boastful way what he would do at the wedding.

Processions passed down the dusty road headed by the little padre and boys in lace vestments on their way to the old church. Later the procession passed again. This time there was music from the stringed instruments and singing as they went by on their way to the feast.

I looked out through a crack in the thatching and saw the bride and groom. They followed the priest and boys. They were followed by the rest of the populace, who made merry as they passed by. Big Karl was much in evidence, by his loud talking. He had made an early start on the *tuba.*

The village was deserted. All had departed for the feast. We were left in the house without atten-

tion. Having no desire for food, Metcalf made tea and then limped out the door to the lime tree to gather a few limes for the tea.

It was late evening when they returned. The house was crowded with laughing people. Big Karl was quite drunk. After telling of the wonderful time he had had at the feast, he threw himself on the bed beside Kuntz, who was stupid from excessive drinking and eating.

As the evening passed the natives left for their respective homes, while Lieutenants Zapanta and Nagatalon lingered with several of their men.

I fell asleep. It was not long before I was roused from my slumber by groans and shouting from the vicinity of the bed. The soldiers were still in the room, and they were laughing heartily. Nor was it necessary to ask the cause of the disturbance. There was Karl, doubled up in pain, shouting and crying like a child as he grasped his stomach. And the house fairly trembled as he roared: "Mate, Mate!" The mate sat up. He had been sleeping. He answered to Karl's call with, "Well, what do you want?" Karl again roared, "Mate, oh, Mate. I'm dying. Save me, Mate." The mate looked over toward the laughing soldiers and

asked crossly, "What's wrong with him?" One soldier managed to stop laughing long enough to shout, "Too much pig." It slowly dawned on the mate that his shipmate had gorged at the wedding until his overcrowded stomach was protesting. He glanced at the big sailor when he again started roaring, "Mate, Mate, I'm dying." The mate in turn shouted in a voice equal in volume to Karl's, "Well, die, then, you pig, but go away out in the jungle when you do it so we can't hear you. We need sleep, we're sick too." He fell back on the floor and was soon snoring.

Karl's groans continued. The mate's slumber was undisturbed. When the light of the morning came into the room the soldiers were gone and Karl was slumbering peacefully beside Kuntz.

After eight days in Lorentte we all put on weight and improved in health, but in doing so we consumed all the food that had been brought from Borongan with the exception of a small part. Lieutenant Zapanta took inventory of this, after which he decided it would be best to move us on to Borongan, where, Zapanta said, "We would be assured of three squares a day from the bountiful

trading store of McIntyre, the American trader at the village."

After discussing the problem of moving us to Borongan with his colleague Nagatalon, Lieutenant Zapanta decided that the best manner of transportation would be by boat, if one was available. As there were no boats about Lorentte other than the small outrigger canoe or *banca,* Zapanta dispatched his sergeant with several of the local natives to another *barrio* that we were told was located on a stream about eight kilometers from Lorentte. The sergeant returned the same day, reporting that a small trading schooner owned by a Chinese merchant of the village would be available on the following day. We headed for the other *barrio,* and there, after a lot of bother, we finally were alongside the small schooner, a single-masted ship about the size of a Cape Cod fisherman. We were helped out of canoes to the ship by a crew of five smiling Filipino sailors, and we soon made ourselves comfortable by stretching out on the deck under the warm sun. The sailors hove the anchor by the hand windlass, set the sail before a fair wind, and we were off on the forty-mile journey to Borongan.

We arrived at the Filipino constabulary headquarters and barracks near Borongan at one o'clock in the afternoon after an uneventful and pleasant sea trip. We anchored near the beach and were transferred by soldiers in several small boats to the officers' quarters and soldiers' barracks, where a real meal was prepared for us by Lieutenant Zapanta's wife and female servants.

At Borongan we spent seven happy days enjoying the hospitality of Lieutenants Zapanta and Nagatalon, while housed in the Constabulary Headquarters, and during that period met McIntyre, the storekeeper and trader at that village, and Sutton the cable operator, who was the first to inform us that the World War was over. The Armistice, it seemed, had been signed. That was glorious news, even after our horrible adventure. Sutton cabled the story of our rescue and the names of the lost members of our crew to the government authorities at Manila.

It was several days later that Sutton received a cable from Manila informing him that our third mate, Nolan, and the other eight men who scurried so quickly from the *Dumaru* on the night of the explosion, had arrived in Manila. Sutton said

that they had been in the lifeboat twenty-five days and had made their own landing on the island of Masbate without losing a man. We learned later from the captain of a small coasting passenger ship that the nine men had suffered no ill effects from their experience other than exposure. Their two tins of sea biscuits lasted them for the twenty-five days that they were in the lifeboat. Their supply of water never was exhausted, for they ran into numerous heavy rains that kept their breakers well filled. Their only bad experience was the fighting they did. We learned that they cursed and quarreled and fought all the time they were in the lifeboat.

On the seventh day in Borongan we proceeded to a small bay, where we were to ship for Manila. There we saw a ship that looked at first sight to be a gunboat, but as it came in from the sea and entered the bay we saw that it was a revenue cutter flying the American flag. When it anchored near us I could clearly make out the name *Polillo* on its bow. While the anchor chains were still rumbling through the hawser pipe, the bosun of the ship had a motor boat over the ship's side, and in

several minutes it was on its way, headed toward the bank, where we were sitting.

"Are the survivors of the *Dumaru* here?" were the first words of the uniformed Filipino standing at the bow of the boat as it ran half its length into the sandbank of the river. The mate stood up and declared we were the long-lost survivors of that ship. The Filipino then said, "I am the chief officer of that ship, the *Polillo,* and I am instructed by my captain to take you aboard and later to proceed to Manila."

We all piled into the motorboat, the officer counting as each man stepped into the boat, until we were all in except Veo and Beo, our little friends from San José. When they attempted to get on the chief officer from the *Polillo* put his arm out and said, "I am taking only the survivors of the *Dumaru* in the boat," and motioned them back and signaled to the engineman to reverse the engine. As the boat backed away from the bank we implored the chief officer to let the boys accompany us. He only shook his head in answer to our plea, and the boat swung around and headed for the *Polillo.* Veo and Beo stood on the bank

with their few belongings tied in bundles on their shoulders, waving until we were aboard the ship.

The captain of the ship, an American, and the only white member of the crew, greeted us most cordially, and after having the Filipino steward assign us to our respective rooms he gave us more information concerning the rescue of the other survivors and the report that our Captain Borrensen of the *Dumaru* had been saved, with two of the three men who had got off the ship on the life raft with him. He said the captain of the U. S. Transport *Logan* had on October 27th sent into Manila a wireless message stating that he had picked up a raft about three hundred miles from Guam. On the raft were the captain of the *Dumaru,* a water tender named Banfield, a Malay cook, and the body of Staats, the second mate, who had just expired. They had been on the raft eleven days without food, but they still had water in the containers when rescued. Staats, who was hurt in getting onto the raft from the *Dumaru,* just faded out.

The *Logan* picked up the hull of the *Dumaru* not far from the captain's raft and sank it with gunfire, the report stated. So we knew now that

we too could have been picked up in eleven days if we had hung on in the vicinity of the hull of the *Dumaru,* instead of leaving as we did on the evening of the fifth day in the lifeboat. If we had done so we would not have lost a man, as Shaw, the first man to die, went on the thirteenth day. The mate Waywood felt quite bad when he heard the captain's statement. He considered himself to blame. But he was wrong. Our fate had been in the hands of the Almighty.

We spent two and a half days on the *Polillo* and during that time stopped twice. The first stop was at a small village on the island of Samar, where a Chinese merchant dispatched a small consignment of copra. The second stop was on the coast of Luzon where the captain purchased a small bullock and two young hogs, for the ship was about out of fresh meat. They had been twenty days out from Manila, searching among the many islands for *Dumaru* survivors.

While we were on the *Polillo* we came around to the subject that had been on our minds all the time—the secret we were keeping. We didn't want it known that we had eaten the chief engineer and Honolulu Pete. We realized now, although we

hadn't thought about it to any extent before, that the United States Naval authorities would have questions to ask about the death of the naval officer, Lieutenant Holmes. We assembled on the deck of the *Polillo,* a little group of men gathered to one side and keeping a lookout to see that nobody listened, and discussed the matter. Everyone had his say, but there wasn't much said. We were all of one mind. We agreed to keep the secret and made a compact to say nothing about the forbidden subject. However, if there was a naval inquiry, and by any reason or chance we were asked outright or were questioned in such a way that silence would not do and we would have to tell a direct lie, why then there was no use in getting ourselves in trouble on account of false testimony. We would come out with the whole thing. We didn't quite know just what it might mean to tell any falsehoods before a naval board, but we didn't like the idea. It wouldn't have been of any use, anyway. We were certain to be found out, if the naval authorities pressed the matter. Under any cross-questioning somebody in that gang of ours would be certain to get balled up.

We landed at Manila and put up in the Hôtel de

France. There was a lot of interest in us, because a wide search had been made for the survivors of the *Dumaru*. The local newspapers printed a lot about us, and people asked us about our experiences. We kept the secret part of it mum. Here is the first paragraph of an article in the Manila *Times,* which shows the impression made by the wreck of the *Dumaru:*

DUMARU MEN HERE AFTER FIGHT FOR LIFE

The second boatload of *Dumaru* survivors arrived here in Manila on Friday aboard the Coast Guard steamer *Polillo,* with a harrowing tale which put in the shade the thrilling stories recounted by the first nine survivors who reached this city a couple of weeks ago. Starting out with thirty-two men in the small lifeboat, witnesses to the crazing and deaths of eighteen, without water for nine days, the fourteen men who arrived Friday bore the marks of men who have really faced death. Due to the crowded condition of the boat, the good feeling and cheer which kept the other crew of survivors up did not prevail amongst those just arriving and it was a struggle from first to last. Biscuit gave out nine days before they finally reached the island of Samar. But for their ingenuity in catching three dolphins, the tale told

a *Times* reporter on Friday would probably never have been told. When the men finally neared land, the breakers turned their lifeboat over and over, and despite their exhaustion, every man alive to-day found himself forced to go through a final battle for life in the high surf on Samar shore. The condition of the men now, three weeks after reaching safety, is good, and the effects of the experience are only to be seen in their eyes and in their gauntness.

CHAPTER XVI

BIG KARL GIVES US AWAY

YOUNG SPARKS learned from a naval officer that the S O S he had sent before the wreck had been received by the cruiser *Brooklyn* which was out somewhere near San Bernardino Strait, the extreme eastern port of the Philippines, about three hundred miles from Manila. The *Brooklyn* did not have much coal aboard, and could not go right out to look for us. She relayed the S O S to Cavite and was ordered back to port. She returned to Cavite, coaled, and then went out to join the search. The *Wilmington* and the *Wanantuck* were also sent.

At the same time the S O S was relayed from the Philippines to Guam, where, owing to our hard luck, they had not received Sparks's original call. The naval authorities at Cavite ordered Guam to send out the patrol boat *Piscatiawa.* But that boat was not in harbor. She had already

started on a cruise along the coast of the island. Had Guam received our original S O S the *Piscatiawa* would have put out in search of us. As it was she sailed not long after our call should have been received and knew nothing of the wreck of the *Dumaru*. She was on her way along the coast when we saw her the morning after the wreck. When orders came from the Philippines for her to look for us there was no way of communicating with her. She carried no wireless. There was another ship in Guam, the *Admiral Sims*. She was a sailing vessel with auxiliary semi-Diesel engines. On her trip to Guam the winds had failed, and the engines, which were to push her along in that emergency, had broken down. She was fifty days in getting to Guam and was in no condition to go to sea again. Moreover, her crew were all in the hospital with flu. Guam was unable to make any search for us until the *Piscatiawa* had returned from her cruise. Then she put out to look for us, but meanwhile we had drifted too far to the west and south.

At the post office I found a note from a *Dumaru* water tender named Wurfell, who was one of the men in Nolan's boat. The note read:

We are leaving to-day on the Transport *Logan*. I read in the Manila papers where you had landed in Samar and you will probably be in Manila. I see where the chief engineer died and Olson died. I hope they are where they have plenty of coal and where they can now make all the steam they want and have plenty of revolutions!

I was standing around in the lobby of Hôtel de France, Manila, when the mate Waywood came up, and the grin on his face was broader than usual, and it was sour too. You could see he had some joke to tell and very likely the joke was on us.

"Vell, everybody knows about it," he said.

"Knows about what?" I asked.

"Knows about the chief engineer and Honolulu Pete. I heard people talking about it. It was Karl. *Ja,* he talked too much. He was around in the Poodle Dog and the Silver Dollar and Brannigan's Place, and he got drunk and he told about it. And everybody knows it now."

It was true. Big Karl had let it all out. At the dinner table in the hotel that evening we accused him of it. He admitted it. He said he didn't see

why it made any difference. They couldn't punish us for it, and it would be found out sooner or later anyway. We learned, too, that Ferdette, the ship's carpenter, had blabbed. Damn his eyes! Some of the men were angry about the giving away of the secret, but most of them didn't care. Mackey was bitter, and I think young Sparks felt it the hardest. I can't say that I cared much. The Almighty had simply decreed that it should be.

I got a telephone call from Mr. Everitt, the agent for the *Dumaru,* who asked me to come to his office. He called me because I had been acting on behalf of the other men with the company. I used to go up every couple of days to get spending money for the crew. It should have been the mate's duty, but Waywood was not enterprising in commercial matters. He was rather stupid about handling money and getting receipts and figuring up accounts. At the office Mr. Everitt told me the naval authorities had ordered that the men of the *Dumaru* appear before an inquiry board to be questioned about the death of Lieutenant Holmes. He told me to have the men ready at a certain time, when a party of marines would come and get us. I was not surprised to hear that. The party of

marines came to the hotel and escorted us down to the Pasig River and across Manila Bay to Cavite, a grim old stone fort famous from Spanish days. We were told to wait outside, and sat down and lay down on the grass in front of the door of the office where the inquiry was being held.

A sergeant came out of the door and spoke up.

"Which of you men witnessed the death of Lieutenant Holmes?"

And the first one to answer was Karl. He got up and said:

"I did."

He really hadn't seen Holmes go overboard. None of us really had. It was in the darkness, when none of us had witnessed the young lieutenant's last act.

The sergeant took big Karl in, while the rest of us waited on the grass. After a while the huge blond Russian came out, and immediately he blurted at us:

"I spilled the beans."

The sergeant was again asking:

"Who else witnessed the death of Lieutenant Holmes?"

"I did," spoke up Waywood, although the mate,

no more than Karl, had actually seen Holmes's suicide. It seemed to me that there was a considerable eagerness to testify and talk and tell that day.

Waywood went in and came out, and, with his eternal grim smile, said that he too had told everything.

Apparently the Naval board, headed by Admiral Knight, was satisfied that it had heard the true and full story, because the officer said, "That's all," and the file of marines took us back to Manila.

In a hospital near Manila was Mrs. Holmes, the wife of the lieutenant. He had told us in the lifeboat that she was waiting for him at Manila and was expecting a child. It had just been stillborn. Sparks went out to see her, because Holmes had given him his watch and asked him to take it to his wife if Sparks survived. The watch was in a can in the boat, and the can, along with the watch, was lost in the surf. So all Sparks could do was to tell her about it. She was pretty sick, and at the hospital the doctor, a major who was in command, told him not to tell her anything that would shock her. Sparks merely informed her that her hus-

band had died in the boat and made the account of the whole thing as easy as possible. He kept the idea of suicide out. Mrs. Holmes was a quiet, nice-looking little woman who seemed badly broken up about the death of her newly married husband. She asked Sparks many questions, and he lied about it as well as he could, said the Lieutenant died quietly the way the others died, from starvation, thirst, exhaustion, and exposure.

The next day the Naval Department sent her a terse report stating that her husband had committed suicide. That shook her terribly, and she was indignant with Sparks because he had given her a false account. She told us about it later.

By this time we were all fairly well recovered in body and spirits. The life and saloons in Manila brought us all pretty well back to normal. It is surprising how men's spirits will rebound back to cheer and gayety after the most harrowing sufferings and tragical impressions. We had been through an adventure that would leave its stamp on our minds for the rest of our lives. Still we laughed and frolicked and raised hell quite after the traditional fashion of sea-worn sailors in a gay port after a long hard voyage. We were out

looking for fun and we found it. There was one particular and uproarious night—a wedding night. Bosun Sutse got married, and that made a singular and incongruous bit of dénouement for so grim and dark a story as the wreck of the *Dumaru*.

There was at the hotel in Manila a lady of some sort of European nationality and of interesting profession. She ran establishments where gentlemen called on ladies. She wanted to get into the United States and start one there. It was the bosun who first made her acquaintance. She was sitting on the wide veranda of this hotel, having a Scotch and soda. The bosun passed her table. She asked him to have a drink. It was the first of many drinks. Before I became acquainted with her, Mackey had dropped in at her table. Later, I was called over to indulge. I found her to be a short, plump, dark woman of about thirty-five years of age. She had a pleasing voice, a pretty face, a figure that would attract only a man who had been long at sea. Too many high spots. She was very generous and kind to us. She did not look the professional woman she claimed to be.

Shortly after meeting her Mackey, the bosun and the woman would leave the hotel, staying away

for several hours. This went on for days. One day Mack came to me and said, "The bosun is to be married to-day." He then told me of the $100 agreement and the reason for the marriage. She was not an American citizen and had no proper passport and was generally having difficulties in getting into the country. If she could become an American citizen everything would be O. K. One way to achieve that purpose was to marry an American citizen. She saw us hanging around the hotel and heard the story of the *Dumaru,* all about it, from the blowing up of the ship to the landing in the Philippines. She had heard the gruesome details of the pot that boiled aboard the lifeboat. We were shipwrecked sailors without any money and not averse to earning a little. This was the opportunity she had been looking for. She sized us all up and picked out Mike Sutse, the bosun, who was a single man.

She told Sutse she would give him $100 if he would marry her, and explained the reason why. Sutse would do more than that for $100 and agreed to the proposal. So Mackey, the bosun, the woman, and Chips, the carpenter, left the hotel in the morning. At noon they all came back in

high spirits. They had stopped and drunk to the health of the bride and groom before coming to the hotel. Where and how the knot was tied I could not say, probably before some magistrate. So Sutse had the $100.

That night Mrs. Bosun entertained all the survivors and gave a grand party. There were quantities of liquor, and everybody was happy with singing and jokes, until sometime after midnight we got ready to go and leave the bride and bridegroom to their wedding night. The party broke up when Mrs. Bosun retired to her room. The bosun moved to his room, which was next to Mrs. Bosun's. The doors of both rooms gave entry from the veranda. We were facing both rooms. It was while we were having the last drink that someone said:

"I wonder if the bosun will be a husband tonight."

Linns and Chips decided to find out. I retired, knowing that we would have a report in the morning. Next morning I saw Linns. He was grinning when I met him. He said:

"Come over here. I want to tell you something."

He then told me that they both had hid behind

the wicker furniture on the veranda, and shortly after we retired the bosun came out of his room and tried Mrs. Bosun's door. It was locked. The bosun knocked on the door, and then Mrs. Bosun called out in a loud voice, telling the bosun to go to bed and to be his age. Much laughter from behind the wicker furniture and a string of sea-going curses from the bosun. Mrs. Bosun left the day after the marriage. She sailed on a Jap ship for the States. We never saw her again.

We went aboard the Transport *Thomas* to return to the United States, with stops at Guam and Honolulu, all the white men among us save one. The Filipinos remained behind on the Islands and so did big Karl Linns. The saloons of Manila appealed to him greatly, and he liked the Islands. He got a job as a rigger in a mahogany lumber camp at six hundred pesos a month and declared that henceforth the Philippines would be his home.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RETURN OF THE SURVIVORS

WHEN we walked aboard the *Thomas* we were practically broke. We had received money from our ship agent in Manila, and each time he gave us any he insisted that it would be the last. He told us to be provident and wise and "for Pete's sake, to go out and buy a wardrobe." We somehow forgot all about a wardrobe. It seemed that we just had to celebrate, because we were all so happy to be alive. A little thing like personal appearance didn't worry us in the least.

However, just before we sailed on the transport the agent personally took us out and had a Filipino tailor make us each a khaki suit and a Palm Beach suit. Then he stuck with us while we bought two white shirts each and two hard collars. There our wardrobe stopped. The tailor got all mixed up in making the khaki suits. He did not talk English,

and we tried to explain that we wanted our coats of a Norfolk type. We tried to describe the idea with appropriate gestures, but when the suits arrived the belts were all wrong. They were sewed on across the shoulders and down the front. To make it all the worse the tailor used darker material for these strips and when we put on these jackets we looked like a lot of big chipmunks.

Mackey named these our monkey suits, and the steward wouldn't let us wear them in the dining salon. On the long voyage across the Pacific we had plenty of warm weather, and keeping well dressed was quite a problem. We would put on our Palm Beach clothes and white collars only at meal time, and then change right afterward into the monkey jackets. The voyage lasted twenty-eight days, so our white collars got soiled. We tried to keep them fresh by cleaning them with a rubber eraser. The head bellhop discovered us busy at this one day and asked us why we did not send the collars to the laundry. Having only served on freight ships, we had never even dreamed of there being a laundry aboard.

Aboard the *Thomas* the chief mate came to me with a photograph he thought would interest me.

It did. It was a snapshot of a raft. Five men were on it. Four were standing, Captain Borrensen, Oscar Morris, a seaman, the water tender Banfield, and a Malay cook of the *Dumaru*. The fifth figure lay prone, Second Mate Staats. The picture had been taken from the deck of the *Thomas,* when the *Thomas* was about to pick up the raft. The captain, Banfield, and the Malay were in bad though not desperate shape. Staats was dying and expired shortly after they took him aboard the *Thomas*. He was injured in getting off the burning ship to the raft.

The ship blew up just as the raft drifted away. The four men had biscuits and water. Sea water got into the biscuits, and they could not be eaten. They drifted for eleven days, living on water alone. The captain prayed all the time. They were drenched in salt water day and night, and the rubbing of their clothes against their bodies and the irritation of the salt water caused sores to break out all over them. Then they sighted the *Thomas*. The mate of the *Thomas* told me that the captain was almost insane when they took him aboard. He made an unfavorable report against us for having deserted him. Then, later, he retracted it, saying

that we had pulled away from the ship at his definite orders.

Some time later I was talking to an old seafaring man who had known Second Mate Staats very well. He told me that Staats was a quiet, inoffensive, studious old German, the best hearted man that you could want to meet, and any talk of his having plotted to blow up the *Dumaru* was all rot. This confirmed me in the impression I already had of Staats. He had no more to do with the blowing up of the *Dumaru* than I had. He was merely a victim, like the rest of us, of the misfortune that followed that ill-omened ship.

On the *Thomas,* along with us, was Mrs. Holmes. She seemed to be greatly downcast and sometimes spoke of her husband in a mournful way. I talked with her and was sure she had heard nothing about the gruesome doings aboard the lifeboat. I was glad, because she seemed to be so weak and sick, although she must have learned the whole story later on. She used to sit on deck, silent for hours, and gaze out over the seas.

We ran into a typhoon, and it was pretty rough. On the following day she came to me and asked:

"Was it like that in the boat?"

As we approached Guam she became very sad. It was there that she had met her husband.

We felt moody, too, as we sighted Guam. We were passing over the same waters where the *Dumaru* had blown up and where we had spent those first days in the lifeboat. We were glad enough to leave the island and the region that filled us with gloomy thoughts.

About twenty-four hours from Honolulu we got a wireless to go to Johnson's Island and look for men in a lifeboat. Johnson's Island is a lone speck in the ocean, uninhabited and bare. There are only two trees on it. We steered that way, but found no boat. We circled the island blowing the whistle, but all we could see were birds. It was the home of many thousands of birds, which at the sound of the ship's hoarse siren spread aloft in clouds. We kept on for Honolulu and then sighted an object on the horizon. It was a lifeboat, and we picked up three men, two Englishmen and a Jap. They had been at sea for a week. They were from the steamer *Petrel,* which had run out of fuel. The *Petrel* had anchored near Johnson's Island, and the boat had put out to try to make Hawaii and get help. They were gone for so long that the *Petrel* had burned

her cargo of copra in her fire boxes and made Honolulu. There word was given of the lifeboat that had started out, and all ships were warned by wireless to look for it.

The castaways that we had picked up had been unable to make the Sandwich Islands, and their water was running low. They had started back to the *Petrel,* which meanwhile had gone. They were pretty badly off from thirst and were beginning to lose hope. We of the *Dumaru* stood at the rail while they were being brought aboard. Some of us helped. It seemed odd to find ourselves, not thirst tortured in a drifting boat, but aiding in the rescue of men in similar condition.

At Honolulu the mate came to me and told me there were some people who wanted to see one of the officers of the *Dumaru.* I went to inquire what they wanted and found them a nicely dressed, well mannered old Hawaiian couple and two children. They asked about Honolulu Pete. The man and woman were Pete's father and mother. They wanted to know of their son's last days and how he died. What could I say? Could I tell them that Pete had been eaten? I replied that Pete had died a hero's death and had been buried at sea.

We crossed the Pacific as first-class passengers, and one of the attendants was a big nigger called "George." He was the bath steward for all the men traveling first class. He had heard our story and told us he had once sailed with Graveyard Shaw, who was a particular friend of his.

That nigger was quite a diplomat, and somewhere in his ancestry there must have been some Scotch blood. By the time we had been out from Manila for two days he had figured out each passenger—I mean just what each would be worth to him in tips. Those he thought were sure to pay him the most were given the choice positions in the morning bath line. Others, who he figured would not be so generous, were shoved back to a time when every sensible passenger wanted to be asleep. The *Dumaru* survivors were broke, and we must have looked broke. So we got the worst break of all when it came to bathing.

George had me marked down on the bath list for 5:00 A. M. He would come into my room, grasp my foot, and shake me roughly at that ungodly hour. My nerves were still shaky and on edge from the *Dumaru* adventure, and every time George grabbed my foot at 5:00 A. M. I invariably

would start shouting and rise up in the bunk and mutter some words of happenings in the lifeboat. This frightened the nigger, and he never lost any time in hurrying out of the stateroom.

Billy Mineehan, the head bellboy on the *Thomas,* somehow learned of George's fear of me. Both Billy and the nigger knew of what we had done in the lifeboat to keep ourselves alive. Billy, taking advantage of the fear that seems inborn in every nigger where death is concerned, made up a long cock-and-bull story about what had happened to Graveyard Shaw. He graphically described Shaw's death in the lifeboat.

"George, you know," said Billy, "poor Graveyard didn't have a chance with that crowd. How could he? Just put yourself in his place. Thirty-one tough white men and one nigger. Now, who do you think would be the first to go in the pot? Just figure it out for yourself, and you'll know that it wasn't a white man. Poor Graveyard was entirely out of luck. On the thirteenth day they just cracked him over the head and had the first real meal in a long time. And the strange part of it is, George, since dining on Graveyard, all the *Dumaru* men now crave dark meat. So be care-

ful, George, be careful. They are all half crazy from exposure and starvation, and that big engineer, the man you call for his bath at 5:00 A. M., he has his eye on you!"

After getting George pop-eyed with this fantastic yarn Billy came to me and asked me to help him with his little plan to give George a scare. My cue, when called at bath time the next morning was to shout the one word: *"Meat!"*

And it was that one word that left me without bath service for the rest of the voyage. George called and shook me by the foot as usual the following morning. Then I carried out Billy's instructions. George made a black streak on his way out of the stateroom, and at that he crashed into the half-open door.

Some time after we landed at San Francisco I learned of the last episode to be told about the wreck of the *Dumaru*. Up at Portland, Oregon, a committee of seafaring men considered the case of Third Mate Nolan and exonerated him. Portland was Nolan's home town. It was a kind of trial of the charge that Nolan had been guilty of wrongdoing, of launching a lifeboat without orders and leaving the ship without a full complement of men

aboard. Nolan claimed that he was knocked unconscious by the bolt of lightning and thrown about fifteen feet from the bridge. On regaining consciousness he said he heard the captain order all hands to the lifeboats. On account of the cargo of gasoline and high explosives he knew it would be useless to attempt to fight the flames. The ship was about to blow up. All haste was needed, so he and the men near him hurriedly launched a lifeboat. Nolan also stated that he then found he could not hold the boat close to the ship. He intended to find the other boat and take his share of the men aboard, but had been unable to do so, because, with flaming wreckage on the sea, the lights that each boat burned could not be distinguished. By morning the two boats had drifted so far apart that they were out of sight of each other.

Here is an account of the trial, printed in a Portland newspaper while it was in progress:

DUMARU OFFICER IS BEING TRIED FOR MISCONDUCT

THIRD MATE ANDREW NOLAN DID NOT FILL UP HIS LIFEBOAT, SURVIVORS ALLEGE

Andrew Nolan, third mate on the steamer *Dumaru* struck and destroyed by lightning Oc-

tober 16, when twenty-two miles off Guam, is being tried by local inspectors for the United States steam vessel inspection service on a charge of misconduct preferred by some of his shipmates. It is alleged that Nolan, who was in charge of one of the lifeboats, did not take as many men with him as he should. The other lifeboat was forced to carry thirty-two men as against nine in Nolan's craft. It is expected that the last of the witnesses will be called to-day in the case and a decision given to-morrow.

The *Dumaru* was built by the Portland yard of the Grant Smith-Porter Ship Company and left this harbor with a crew composed largely of local men.

Those who testified yesterday in addition to Nolan in his own defense were Ralph Burns, Sanford Jennings, whose father died on the crowded lifeboat; Claude Banfield, who was rescued after drifting nine days on a raft; and M. W. Metcalf.

Returned survivors of the *Dumaru* say Nolan refused to take off more men in spite of repeated entreaties of those standing on the side of the ship. It has been alleged that Nolan's lifeboat when picked up contained a supply of provisions and that had both lifecraft been evenly loaded some, at least, of the deaths in the crowded lifeboat would have been prevented. Out of thirty-two in the second lifeboat, sixteen died before

land was reached. It could not be learned from the inspectors to-day whether such allegations had been substantiated in the testimony.

Nolan's boat had had an adventure something like our own, but with a difference. Precisely as in our case, Nolan and his men had pulled toward shore during the night and then had put out a sea anchor for fear of going on the reef. They had intended to make the easy trip ashore the next morning. Again, as in our case, they had been caught by the change of the trade wind the next morning and had not been able to make headway against it toward Guam. Then they went drifting across the long stretch from Guam to the Philippines and landed not very far from the place where we landed. The great difference in the destinies of the two lifeboats was that aboard Nolan's boat there was sufficient food and water. Our water was intended to be enough for twenty men; we were overcrowded with thirty-two men; and on top of this our water had leaked away. Nolan's boat had the same amount of water, enough for twenty men, and they had only nine men aboard. They lost none of their water. In the same proportion, they, nine

men, had biscuits for twenty. They had enough to eat and drink in the course of their long drift.

They suffered from exposure, from the blazing sun, from salt-water boils, and there was no friendly chummy spirit among them. One of them told me that there were endless fights. They were surly and quarrelsome, and they had among them that champion I. W. W. trouble maker, Heavy. He could be expected to make life hell on a trip like that. I don't suppose the men felt any too good about having left us as they did, and with Heavy as an added incitement, they fought continuously. They battled, slugging, cursing, ganging, all the way from Guam to the Philippines.

Thus ends the story of the *Dumaru*. The survivors of the ill-fated ship are scattered far and wide. The men in gruesome lifeboat No. 2 are some on land and some at sea. Waywood, the first mate, is a mate on a tanker. Stout-hearted Mackey went to sea again and then got a business of his own ashore, catering to shipwork, machinery, ship repairs. I am a ship's engineer on the Great Lakes again, married now, and with two children. I still have a bad scar on the right side of my face where

the salt of sea water ate into the burn I got aboard the blazing *Dumaru*. Sparks, still only a kid after all that terror, went to the Oregon Agricultural and Engineering College, and then to Leland Stanford University. He took a degree as an electrical engineer and is now well placed in construction engineering work, specializing in the putting up of power plants. The ablest man of the whole lot of us. All his friends are proud of Sparks.

Bosun Sutse, when he is ashore, lives at the home of the Jennings family. There he boards with the widow of the fine old sailor who died in the boat and the mother of the boy who got safely ashore. I suppose Sutse will spend the rest of his life at sea. After the *Dumaru* disaster he was in still another bad shipwreck, and then immediately shipped on another vessel. Big Karl Linns, so far as I know, is still in the Philippines, and so are the Filipinos who were among the survivors. Metcalf, the lady-killer, became a bookkeeper in an office. Then I heard that he died. He never fully recovered from the hardships in the boat. The younger Jennings, a fine lad, lives with his mother, in the same household with Bosun Sutse.

I had a letter from Mrs. Jennings saying that her son was in the business of building speed boats. My oiler Samuelson, who seemed so soft and who stood the dreadful hardships so well, is a manager of a haberdashery. Three years ago I saw an item in the paper about him, where he had spoken before a Rotary or Kiwanis Club somewhere. The older of the two Sampson brothers is working ashore. Curly Wiegant is a painter now. Ferdette, the ship's carpenter, was, the last I heard of him, in jail. A deserter from the Canadian army, they say, and the Canadian authorities had got him. To go from the *Dumaru* and the horrible voyage in the lifeboat and then land in jail is what I call a bad break.

In the archives of the Intelligence Division of the Navy Department in Washington (World War Records Section) is an envelope marked *"Dumaru."* There in brief and fragmentary form, such as is familiar in documents, you will find official confirmation of the principal events of shipwreck and our incredible voyage in the open boat. I will give two quotations of confirmatory evidence.

From an official report on the loss of the *Dumaru*. In this the eating of the two bodies was not included.

> Steamer *Dumaru* caught fire from lightning within sight of Guam, October 16, 1918. Three lifeboats got away, two of which were picked up almost immediately. The third boat contained 32 men. It tried for some time to reach Guam, which was in sight, by rowing, but the adverse current and wind made this impossible, and the boat drifted westward for 24 days until it finally landed on the island of Samar, P. I. The boat was in charge of Ensign Holmes, U. S. Navy. Food lasted for seventeen days, but the water gave out on the fifteenth day. Before beaching, she struck on a reef and capsized, and two men were drowned there. Previous to this time, sixteen men had died in the boat from lack of water and nourishment, and two had jumped overboard insane, one of these being Ensign Holmes.

The following gives the secret we tried to keep. The naval records list it as having been reported from the Philippine Islands. It contains several inaccuracies. So far as I know, the chief engineer did not advise us to eat his body. Halmer, in the text, is a garbled form of Holmes. To my belief

Holmes did not drink of Honolulu Pete's blood. Otherwise the account is correct.

> . . . On the eighteenth day four men died, including the First Engineer. He told them before his death that they had better eat his body, which they did. Took a kerosene can, filled it with the meat (threw the other overboard) and boiled it, and all drank the water. The meat took up all the salt. They said it tasted very good, and everyone seemed to feel better. They were afraid to eat the meat, as it was salty, and probably feared ptomaine poisoning. They kept the remainder of the soup until the next day, and of course they were hungry as ever, and not enough to go around, and they put more water in it. This time it was so salty it made everyone sick and crazy. . . . 23rd day out. They ate a Hawaiian, gave Halmer the blood to drink. Halmer seemed to get better, but about three or four o'clock A. M. on the 24th (last day) they saw Halmer jump over the side. When they struck the beach of Samar the boat turned over end over end and either killed or drowned two men. Fourteen out of thirty-two are living. The first engineer was dead four hours before they cut him. The Hawaiian was warm—or rather they stabbed him for the blood as soon as he breathed his last. There seems to be a mystery about the whole thing. The little radio boy seems to have stood

it better than any of them. He is only fifteen years old. Some of the men didn't have any clothes on except their underwear.

The wreck of the *Dumaru* is long past now, but the actions, words, pictures, fearful hours, seem to be graven in my memory. I can still feel the thrill of horror over the events in the lifeboat. Still, time resigns one to everything.

THE END